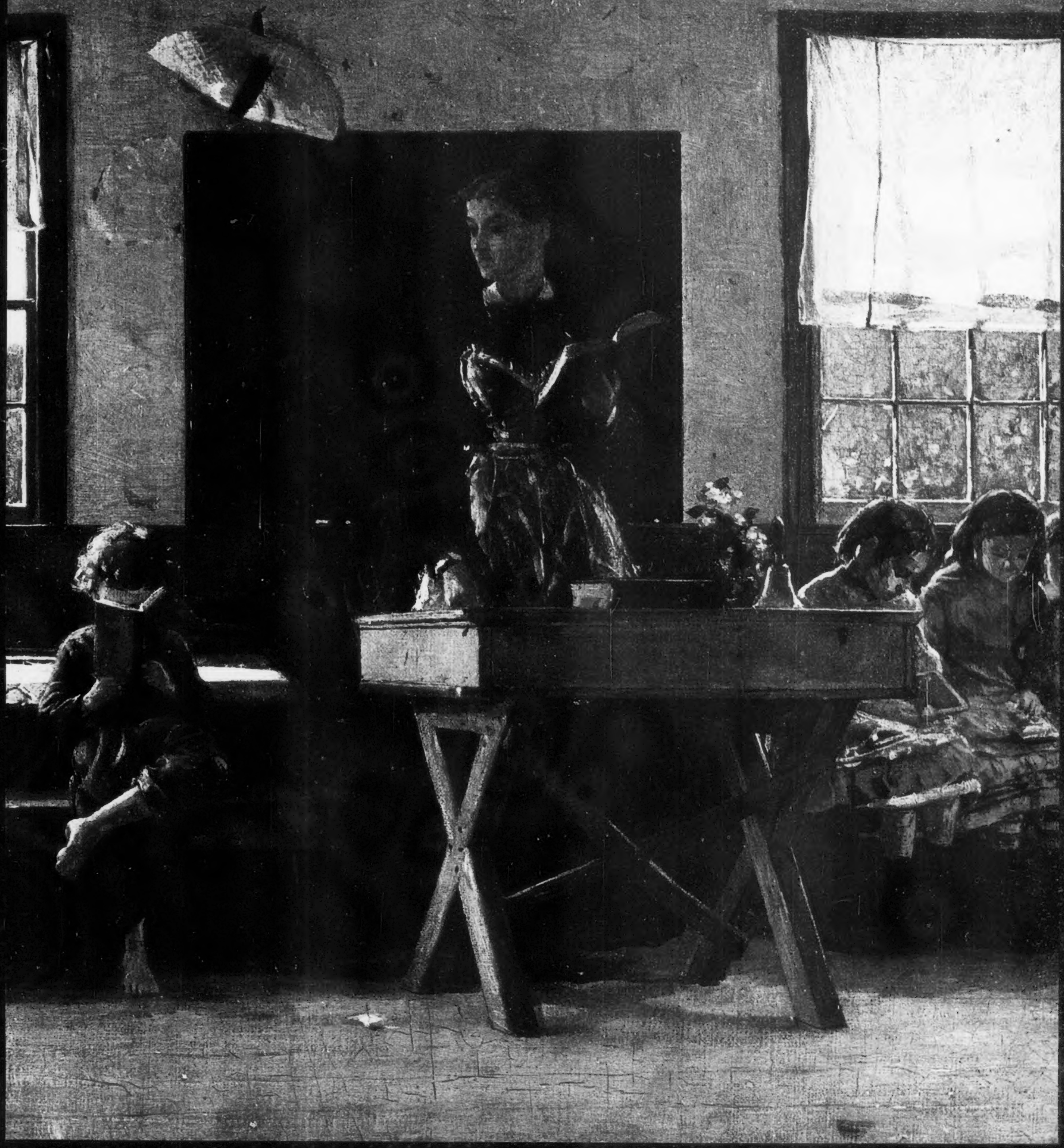
THE AMERICAN WEST



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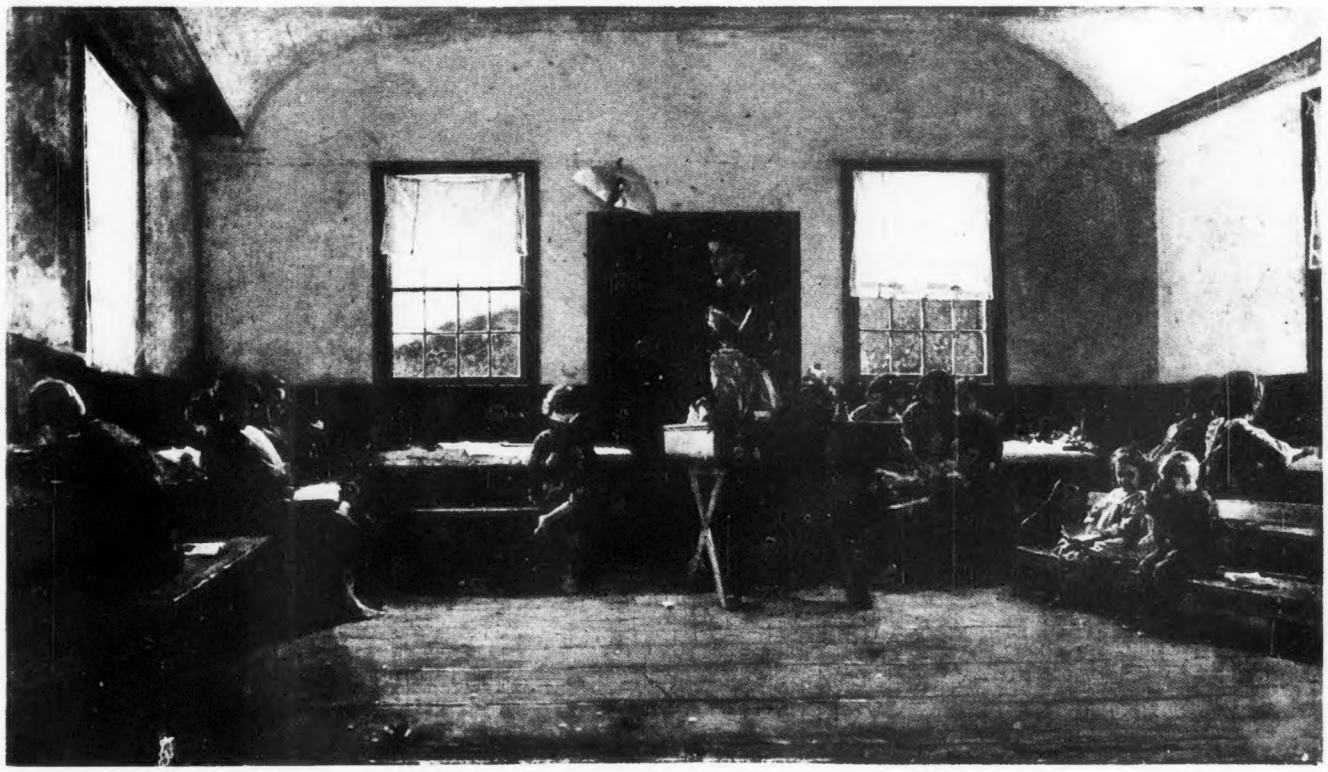

Cover: Well into the twentieth century, rural schoolrooms like the one depicted in Winslow Homer's charming 1871 painting, "The Country School," continued to exist all over the United States; even as late as 1940 half of America's children were attending such one or two-room schools. But the ungraded school reached its peak in the second half of the nineteenth century in the frontier West, when emigrants established schools for their children almost as soon as they were settled in the new land. In sparsely furnished rooms equipped with minimal supplies, western teachers taught as many as twenty separate lessons a day to youngsters ranging in age from four to twenty-four. "It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," one frontier schoolmarm recalled, "but we made time count for all that." A pictorial essay on the early western school begins on page 12 of this issue.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, publisher of *The American West*, is a nonprofit educational institution dedicated to the preservation of the western heritage. Located in Cody, Wyoming, and dating from 1927, the center incorporates four major western museums in one complex: the Buffalo Bill Museum, the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, the Plains Indian Museum, and the Winchester Museum.

COLLECTION OF THE WOOLAROC MUSEUM, BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA

ROBBED of most of their belongings and driven from their Georgia homes, sixteen thousand Cherokees under armed escort headed west toward Indian Territory (present-day Oklahoma) in late 1838. During the long, grueling winter march, pictured here in a modern painting by Robert Lindneux, more than one quarter of the group died on what the Cherokees later called *Nuna-da-ut-sun'y* —"The Trail of Tears." The journey was a bitter climax to the tragic story of the Cherokee Nation, described in an article that begins on page 28.

THE AMERICAN WEST
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

Published by the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming

Sponsored by the Western History Association

September/October 1978 Volume XV, Number 5

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THE AMERICAN WEST is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by the American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial and advertising offices are located at Suite 160, 20380 Town Center Lane, Cupertino, California 95014. Single copy price: $3.00. Subscriptions: one year $15.00; two years $25.00; three years $35.00 (outside U.S. $1.00 extra). Manuscripts and communications from subscribers should be sent to the above address; members of the Western History Association should address all communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. THE AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.

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Second class postage paid at Cupertino, California, and additional post offices.

Of Onions and Razorbacks

A Brief History of Arkansas

by Clyde D. Dollar

TO THE FORESTED WEST called Arkansas they came, the armor-clad, cross-bearing Spanish, the fur-seeking, adventure-driven French, and the land-lured and dream-dazzled Americans. And before history leeched out that West and moved it closer to the gold of the setting sun, the Spanish had explored its mountains and valleys and hot springs, the Frenchmen had named its rivers and scenic spots, and the Americans had decided to stay.

Of all the early Arkansas travelers, perhaps Hernando de Soto is the best known—certainly he was the earliest to tourist the region. De Soto and his band of Spaniards were lost when they arrived on the banks of a river wider than the Danube, but despite the daily hails of arrows sent by apprehensive Indians on the far bank, they felled trees, made boats, and ferried themselves, their greatly reduced baggage, and their herd of pigs across the turgid waters of the Mississippi. And in mid-June 1541, the *adelantado* of Florida, fresh from dazzling adventures in Inca lands of glittering gold, stood in the green forests and lush swamps of Arkansas.

Falling prey to Indian cleverness, de Soto soon found himself following the wispy scent of gold westward, across more swamps, along the banks of another great river, and into mountains where the Spaniards tarried awhile on the shores of "a very warm and brackish lake." Whether this lake and its surrounding mountains were in fact the folded hills and hot springs of the city by that name has been disputed by historians since—but not by locals interested in gleaning the most from exploits of lost adventurers. The glamorous version has de Soto delightedly bathing off his sweat in the same pools where today's millions soak out their own body's ills. The reality may have been otherwise.

Too real, however, was the plight of Arkansas's first tourist group. Their rusty armor suits became self-contained ovens in the heat of Arkansas summers, and the leather holding it together stank from sweat and rotted from moisture. Besides that, they were hungry, and had been so for months. A sorry group left their warm lake and turned southeast, bent on finding home. Most of them, including their leader, never made it, and Spanish bones underlie more than one spot of Arkansas soil. And the herd of pigs, finding a chance for a fate better than roasting, escaped to become the founding dynasty of a race of wild, ill-tempered, and snorty mascots of a certain university's football team, and their bony spines earned them the name of "razorbacks"—the hogs, not the football players.

Calcium, wild pigs, and rifely conflicting narratives of their adventures are the most lasting contributions of the Spanish to the history of Arkansas. These, plus a piece or two of rusty sword found in the soil and a multitude of wish-fulfillment inspired myths, are about all that's left of the Spanish tread on the land. And for more than a full century the forests, hills, hot springs, and Indians saw no more of the strange, hairy-faced men who rode big dogs.

In 1673 came the French, in the persons of Louis Joliet, a giant of a fur trapper, and Fr. Jacques Marquette, young and with souls' salvation in his eyes. Starting from the Great Lakes, they found the Mississippi, beautiful in the freshness of summer's green. Then another month southward on its languid currents brought them to the mouth of the Arkansas, lying brassy and shimmering in the bright sun. Father Marquette, for once becoming a realist in religion, raised high a pagan symbol of mystery, the feathered calumet pipe, which quieted the local Indians' hail of arrows and war clubs whistling past his ears. For the next several days, the second group of tourists to visit this land experienced the favors of two Indian towns, each vying with viands and talk. With their bellies full of such epicurean delights as skinned roast dog and corn porridge cooked with bear's grease, the two travelers got cold feet at the probable prospect of an Indian turn-around surprise attack and the next day started homeward.

A decade later, down from the northland in search of a waterway to the Vermillion Sea came Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He too touched Arkansas soil, raised a cross, found out that the Indians called themselves the *Oguapas* and their land *Arcanca*—"the Land of the Downstream People." Almost hard on his heels came Henri de Tonti, La

The Western History Association's Eighteenth Annual Conference on the History of Western America will convene at Hot Springs, Arkansas, October 11–14, 1978.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

An early Arkansas traveler, Spanish conquistador Hernando de Soto crossed the Mississippi River in 1541 to explore the region's green forests and lush swamps. Though he and his men may have luxuriated at Hot Springs's natural baths, their journey was plagued by hardships, and within a year de Soto himself was buried in the Mississippi.

Salle's young and energetic lieutenant, and at a well-situated spot above the swamps, he established a trading post and thoughtfully named it after those downstream people's land—which the French now claimed. Leaving at the post several colleagues to begin the business of fur trapping and Indian trading, de Tonti moved on to bigger and better things. For the next several generations, these Frenchmen and their successors roamed the land without possessing it, reaping harvests of rich brown gold. By the time Mr. Jefferson made his windfall purchase of the province christened for Louis the King, Arkansas Post had become the center for incipient civilization in the area, and the French had named virtually everything throughout their fur domain that didn't move.

THE AMERICANS rushed to take possession of their newly acquired real estate. In the exuberant joy of having successfully twisted the tail of *Leo Brittanus* for the second time, they swarmed into the land of the downstream people, bringing with them the Great American Experiment's most successful institution, the county government, and that experiment's most unsuccessful spin-off, the military fort.

In 1816, the Missouri Territorial Assembly, magnanimous in the euphoria of impending statehood, created Lawrence County, a grandiose-sized chunk of land lying southward of settled reaches. Land speculators, filled with dreams of new horizons, quickly found a county seat. Christened Davidsonville, it was located on a gently swelling bank in a handsome bend of the Little Black River, just out of reach of the swampier lands to the east. Bubbling with faith in the American System, the speculators procured the services of a surveyor who measured off the land (incorrectly, but his error was not to be discovered for another one hundred fifty years) and then set about constructing a planned community in the midst of the Arkansas wilderness. A post office, a land office, a two-story brick county courthouse, and a postal road, all "firsts" in what had just recently become Arkansas Territory, ap-

Artist Samuel Seymour, traveling with Major Stephen H. Long's expedition, made this watercolor of Fort Smith in 1820, shortly after the first stockade was built. Here the troop commander, hospitable William ("Ol' Billie") Bradford, raised onions and other vegetables, which flavored the venison and bear meat stew of many a passing hunter.

peared with the suddenness born of enthusiasm. To Davidsonville flocked Kentuckians, Virginians, Carolinians, and Tennesseans, all bent on becoming Arkansawyers, and on large plots in their town they built cozy houses, planted small gardens, tended cows and hogs and chickens, and went about the business of appointing committees to build roads, oversee their jail, care for the indigent, and provide for the sessions of the circuit riding court. It became an impressive microcosm of the early American trans-Mississippi West.

Far back in Federal City, John C. Calhoun, at that time a dark and stern-visaged expansionist, determined that the western borders of the land needed a military presence. So seventy foot soldiers made their way upstream on the Arkansas to a place called Belle Point, by which flowed the Poteaux Creek, and in sight of which, distantly blue as the sky, stood Point de Sucre Mountain. There, Major Stephen H. Long, a young topographical engineer seriously mindful of his mission, designed a fort to be "132 feet out to out" in size and with two blockhouses at alternate corners, which Major William Bradford, in charge of the troops, was ordered to build. It was Christmas Day, 1817, when they landed; and the cold blasts, sweeping the anything-but-*belle* point on which they found themselves, spurred construction. Within a week Bradford could report that he had his men "all comfortably situated together with a hospital for the sick, a store house for the Public, a provision house for the contractor, and am about a hut for myself." That Bradford built hastily has been revealed by archaeology (from which few past sins can be hidden), and it took Major Long a second visit to straighten out wall lines and get construction afoot again. But Bradford, if he was no architect and his troops but poor carpenters, made this up by being a frontiersman's military man. "Ol' Billie," some called him, and more than one barrel of onions, homegrown in the fort's gardens, graced the venison and bear meat of hunters headed into the West. All too soon he, his wife, and adopted Indian son moved on to Texas, following orders from headquarters; and before too many months "Ol' Billie" was dead of the fever, and the wife and boy disappeared into the anonymity of the recordless West.

Following Bradford came the spit-and-polish men—they to whom "Major" and "Colonel" meant rank and rank meant civilization—and far more seriously was taken the task of imposing law and order on the frontier. At Fort Smith, the troops came and went—one time even taking the windows, door frames, and floors to build another post farther upstream. But soon some of them were ordered back, this time not so much to keep the Indians from each other's throats as to stop the whiskey being shipped to them. Once, when the tedium of fort duty, the folly of foot troops chasing mounted Indians, and the bombast of an officious young captain got to them, they hauled out the fort's cannon and, because the local barkeep had audaciously raised whiskey prices, put a five pounder through his front door. That cured the local inflation.

Meanwhile, up the snag-filled Arkansas came Thomas Nuttall, a young Englishman of high birth with a hankering to become world renowned as a botanist. He later made the grade, helped by his tour through Arkansas coupled with good PR from colleagues back at the Academy of

Natural Sciences in faraway Philadelphia, from which he had headed westward in early October 1818. By January of the next year, Nuttall had passed into Arkansas, where he found "the scenery is almost destitute of every thing which is agreeable to human nature; nothing yet appears but one vast trackless wilderness of trees, a dead solemnity, where the human voice is never heard to echo, where not even ruins of the humblest kind recal [*sic*] its history to mind, or prove the past domination of man. All is rude nature as it sprang into existence, still preserving its primeval type, its unreclaimed exuberance."

Nuttall botanized his way slowly up the river, later that month landing at Arkansas Post, where he immediately fired his whiskey-imbibing boatman, and for his pains spent weeks looking for another who was not. From this point upstream, the somewhat fastidious Englishman became slightly less so, and as spring's slow greening transformed the brown landscape, he took more and more to the Arkansas scene. He spent a night at *La Petite Rochelle* (Little Rock), where a few months later a town-burning would decide the ownership of the territorial capital designate, and then proceeded upstream where, on the left bank, could be seen the *Mamelle*. This singularly formed mountain no doubt received its name from some lonely Frenchman, and Nuttall stopped long enough to make two sketches of its suggestive shape. Later and more modest Arkansawyers changed the name to Pinnacle Mountain, but in this century, when the Corps of Engineers dammed up the Arkansas River at its base, that organization insisted on the impounded lake bearing the original name of the peak. That the Corps would give to a lake the name *mamelle* is a commentary on its understanding of the French language.

Higher upstream went the adventurous Englishman, by *Fourche la Fey* Creek, past *Cadron,* a settlement then humping for glory as the territorial capital, and on to *Petit Jean* River, which cuts close to the high bluffs of *Magazine* Mountain where legend has it that Petit Jean, a she dressed as a he, jumped into the muddy waters below, thus ending an unrequited love affair. On Nuttall went, by the high bluff called *Dardonnie* (later corrupted to "Dardanelles"), and in several days' time had passed creeks named *Charbonniere, Cassetete, Vache Grasse, River au Milleau* (today's Lee's Creek), and into sight of blue-as-the-sky *Point de Sucre* (Sugar Loaf Mountain) where Nuttall stopped for several months at Fort Smith. The French certainly had left their mark on the Arkansas!

BACK DOWNSTREAM at the fresh collection of shacks constructed on the site of La Petite Rochelle, now determinedly called Little Rock by its American inhabitants, the grand old frontier game of settling land disputes in a forthrightly manner was about to begin. Two rival political figures each held conflicting claims to the same tract of ground, and the recent territorial assembly's designation of Little Rock as the future capital only intensified the fracas. One of the parties found solace in a court's decision that the land rightly belonged to him; the other took exception and appealed the case to a higher court, i.e., his followers.

Thomas James, intrepid traveler, happened to be on hand during June of 1821, to witness what happened: "As we approached Little Rock we beheld a scene of true western life and character, that no other country could present. First, we saw a large wood and stone building in flames, and then about one hundred men, painted, masked, and disguised in almost every conceivable manner, engaged in removing the town. These men, with ropes and chains, would march off a frame house on wheels and logs, place it about three or four hundred yards from its former site, and then return and move off another in the same manner. They all seemed tolerably drunk, and . . . they were a merry company indeed. Thus they worked amid songs and shouts, until by nightfall they had completely changed the site of the town. Such buildings as they could not move, they burned down without a dissenting vote . . . [thus] the free and enlightened citizens of Little Rock made a change of landlords more rapidly than Bonaparte took Moscow."

By October of that year, the matter had been settled, and the new community, the proud possessor of an equally new frame house for its territorial assembly, got down to the sober business of self-government. The assembly, in addition to frivolous matters relating to taxation, road-building, and rumored Indian wars, came to grips with a most serious matter indeed. Today in a private collection rests a document not otherwise recorded, containing the signatures and seals of fifteen members of that year's assembly. It reads as follows: "It is hereby agreed to by and between James W. Bates, Robert Crittenden and Henry W. Conway, that which ever of the above three named persons shall first marry, shall be entitled to demand, have and receive of the other two named persons an elegant sett [*sic*] of dining china and tea china ware—In testimony whereof we have hereinunto set our hands and private seals at the seat of Government of the Territory of Arkansas this 17th day of October, A. D. 1821."

Among the signers of this document were the following future territorial officials: one acting governor, one U.S. marshal, three delegates to Congress, one circuit judge and four territorial judges (of whom one was to be chief justice), and five men who today have counties named after them. Ironically and tragically, two of the signers six years later would fight a duel, with one dying as a result. There is no record of who got that "elegant sett" of china.

The youthful vigor of frontier expansion is transient. Davidsonville, the territory's first real community, after serving for a decade as the fountainhead of county government, fell victim to the very wanderlust that gave it birth, and in the late 1820s, when new lands farther west opened, its inhabitants rushed to re-experience the excitement of another settlement. By 1830, the town lay deserted, and

the dusty swirls in its silent streets signaled the site's approaching oblivion. Arkansas Post, the former seat of territorial government, now done with such things, settled into an existence of lingering atrophy. Cadron, once boastful of its grand potential, simply vanished, leaving only traces for archaeologists to scratch through and piece together.

But the land and its people continued their growth towards statehood. Little Rock, recovering from its rampageous displacement, as the seat of government aspired to power. Not to be outdone, numerous other communities bustled into existence, and the settlers, having freed their state of its Indians by the late 1830s, turned full attention to becoming prosperous. Steamboats belched their smoky way, breasting the Arkansas's sometimes treacherous currents and always snag-ridden bends. News of Jim Bowie (with his long and keen and terrible "Arkansas Toothpick"), Stephen Austin (who had for a time served Arkansas as circuit judge in Davidsonville), and Sam Houston (well known in the territory's southern taverns) filtered across the hot Texas plains, and Arkansas boys answered, too late to save the Alamo but not too late to miss the fun at San Jacinto. And on returning home not quite two months later, they found themselves sons of a STATE, the twenty-fifth in a line of lustrous lights in Columbia's glittering crown.

Always rambunctious and generally pugnacious, Arkansawyers heartily took to the scrap with Mexico a decade later, and distinguished themselves, at least to their satisfaction, in several of that war's engagements. Hardly was that over when a whiff of gold, coming from Sutter's Mill and wafted on mariah winds, swept the state. No more immune to yellow-metal madness than anyone else, they packed up and moved westward in great numbers. In the veins of more than one prominent California family there flows the blood of an Arkansas boy who, sunburnt and hardened by travels across the Great American Desert, found gold in one form or another at the roots of California's mountains.

The frontier, meanwhile, had moved on, stopping one foot the other side of Arkansas's western boundary, and there it stayed for the next sixty years. But the frontier spirit, of which there had been an abundance during frontier days, remained buoyantly alive in the western sections of the state, and is not entirely absent from these regions today.

COTTON displaced the frontier in most of Arkansas and made it possible for the people to prosper. The lowlands, more than one-third of the state's area, became the kingdom of cotton and also the major economic and political underpinning for the entire state. And where cotton ruled, there also were his slaves. In the northern regions, where the white wool prospered poorly or not at all, the people of the hills viewed the peculiar institution in an abstract rights-of-property sense or else objected to it entirely. Thus two diverse groups of Arkansas people, the hill folk who cared little for slavery and less for slaves, and the lowlands planters, with their total dependence on the institution, joined in the single issue of states' rights as the overriding cause to be defended.

The ominous, far-rumbling thunder of the coming conflict rolled across the state's hills, valleys and cotton fields in the mid-1850s. Men bewildered by the complex issues turned to the state's leaders, and they, equally perplexed, fell back on paranoid reactions derived from outmoded ideas and fantasized loyalties. Five long years of pompous parades of political words, masking hope beyond hope that the North could be made to understand, to compromise, to back down, preceded the final days of Lincoln's election. With a horror-stricken hush, the state's people watched the elite of Southern life-style in far-off Carolina begin the process of dismantling the Union. Then, suddenly galvanizing from the shock, with pathetic shrillness Arkansas joined the Confederacy.

No epic battles occurred on the state's lands, no tide-turning events happened here. But history is relevant to those who live it, and the Arkansas people found themselves caught up in a terrifying experience, and even from the softening vantage point of more than a century, it is still possible momentarily to catch the stench of this terror. As the bright days of the Confederacy turned to night, Arkansas found itself virtually abandoned, left to its own devices in the face of mounting anarchy. To the north lay tattered and torn Missouri, breeding ground of bands of men who delightedly disrupted the fabric of existence. To the west were the Indians, resentful of their forced removal to a new land and not above being involved in the shifting events of the outer world. To the east there came hordes of men dressed in dark blue, bent on destroying the arrogance of those who would defy their will and disrupt the Union. These forces, at one time or another, ravaged the soil of Arkansas, staining it with blood and blackening it with burnt homes and destroyed crops. Of the fathers and sons who went over the hills and across the fields to defend the honor of their way of life, only a pitiful few returned to the shattered pieces. When the stillness at Appomattox mercifully spread westward, Arkansas and its people had been battered into submission, not by military force, but by the anarchy that brutally followed in the vacuum of such force.

Added to these plagues the Lord now sent another one—locusts—or so the Arkansawyers viewed the carpetbaggers who swarmed southward intent on re-creating the state in their own image. And a hearty band of thieves they turned out to be! With help from scalawags, these slick new politicians sanctimoniously reconstructed the legislature and drew up another constitution, this one free from the taint of involuntary servitude for Blacks, and then surreptitiously emptied the state's treasury, creating economic bondage for generations of Arkansawyers to come.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE COLLECTION

Trying more than six hundred cases a year, famous Fort Smith Judge Isaac C. Parker brought order to crime-ridden Indian Territory during a tenure that lasted from 1875 to 1896. Above, in a photo standard for the time and place, some of Parker's deputy marshals pose with the bullet-riddled body of outlaw Ned Christie.

Riding on these coattails came the railroaders, they of the great schemes and clever devices. Trumpeting and strumpeting, these men made of greed dazzled the scalawag legislature, and soon thin steel lines began to inch across the state, laid on a bed of floated state bonds. By the time the huge iron monsters broke snorting fire on the land, the state, to add to its list of troubles, found itself deeply in debt.

But from these blackest pages of Arkansas history there appeared a few gleams of light. Remembering Lincoln's Congress and the Morrill Act, Reconstruction Arkansas created its own university, and hardly had the ink dried on this bill when the state established an institute for the blind and deaf-mutes, and a state-wide system of public education. These are perhaps the most lasting monuments of an otherwise bitter time.

A flock of thieves and scoundrels they were, but one, appointed by Grant and sent to the Western District Federal Court in Fort Smith, proved uncommonly worthy at an uncommonly difficult job. When Isaac C. Parker stepped off the steamer on a bright May day in 1875, under the watchful eye of Fort Smith citizens, he found there a federal court in disarray, disfavor, and rank with scandal. The court's jurisdiction covered the Indian Territory, which began barely a mile west of town. In that 74,000 square miles of wild hills, rocks, and woods, were thousands of men, black, white, and red, backwashed into the area by the recent war and now living as best they could. No law existed there, nor had the weak federal court been successful in establishing it. The Indian Territory had become hell on the border, so Parker took command and became its law.

For openers, he unlimbered a just completed twelve-foot-long gallows and at one whack hung six convicted killers from it before an agog public. Next he recruited an army of deputy marshals, choosing them for qualities equal to, if not exceeding, those whom they were to pursue. He paid them well, but only if they returned with their man, dead or alive. Soon Fort Smith photographers had collections of pictured cadavers, punctured with gaping bullet holes, strapped to planks and propped against the court's porch, and guarded by broadly smiling deputies dressed in their Sunday best. It was a gruesome spectacle, but it was only part of the show. In the next twenty-one years, Parker tried nearly thirteen thousand cases (more than six hundred cases per year). The court held session every day of the year except Sundays and Christmas; it convened at 8:00 A.M. and recessed only when the reporter could no longer see to write. The court found guilty or accepted guilty pleas from more than nine thousand defendants, and of these, Parker sentenced to hang 160, but only 79—and these guilty of murder or rape—ever made the last walk up the gallows steps where the court's hangman, George Maledon (a marvelous name for a man in his profession!) waited. In other words, only 0.6 percent of Parker's sentences resulted in hanging—hardly sufficient to earn the macabre appellative his detractors gave him. But the impression of strength and swiftness—"it is not the severity of punishment but the certainty of it that checks crime nowadays," he once remarked—did much to

Continued on page 60

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Robert M. Utley

"OLD MEXICAN," some of the Navajos called him. Others knew him as "Double Glasses." For more than half a century, from 1878 to 1930, he traded with them at his post in Ganado, Arizona. By the time of his death he presided over a network of trading posts blanketing the Navajo Reservation and was the unchallenged king of the Navajo and Hopi traders.

"The jetsam of the turbulent sea of border life," a historian once characterized the nineteenth-century Indian trader who exchanged arms, ammunition, and whiskey for the plunder of raids on frontier settlements. Some indeed deserved the label. Others did not. Whatever their character, the Indian trader for four centuries exerted a powerful influence on the course of North American history. France, England, and Spain established a vast system of trading posts and made the Indian trade both a profitable economic enterprise and a potent weapon in the contest for empire. For more than half a century after the American Revolution, the fur trade afforded the central point of contact between white man and red. The conquest of the Indians produced a final type of trader, the licensed reservation trader.

Of all the reservation traders, none more vividly illustrates their role and significance than John Lorenzo Hubbell. In his career may be glimpsed the enormous impact of the trader on the Indian. From the horse and gun of the colonial period to Arbuckle's coffee and Bull Durham tobacco of more recent times, the Indian sought the white man's goods, and as a result the native material culture was transformed. At the Hubbell Trading Post, Navajos found a wide variety of useful and tasty items that became part of their daily lives. Hubbell also played a key role in encouraging and guiding the revival of high-quality blanket weaving and silver-crafting.

In less tangible ways, Hubbell and his colleagues influenced their customers. They served as advisers to the Indians in every facet of relations with the outside world, as interpreters of the strange customs of the white man, as arbiters of disputes among Indians, as intermediaries between the government and its wards, and as the source of all wisdom concerning the new way of life the white man had thrust on the Indian.

Most observers agreed that Hubbell had few peers. "There is no doubt," recalled Herman Schweitzer of the Harvey Company's Indian Department, "that Mr. Hubbell was the premier Indian trader of them all." "He was the first and the greatest," concluded Southwest historian Frank C. Lockwood. "His position was almost baronial, and he became a patriarchal figure whose mild and beneficent influence was exercised everywhere among both the Hopi and Navajo tribes." "What the chief factors of the Hudson's Bay Company used to be to the Indians of the North," concluded another writer, "Lorenzo Hubbell has been to the Indians of the desert—friend, guard, counselor, with a strong hand to punish when they required it, but a stronger hand to befriend when help was needed."

In appearance and manner, "Don Lorenzo" captured the dignity and grace of his Spanish forebears. He was, wrote one of his guests, "a fine type of the courtly Spanish-American gentleman with Castilian blue eyes and black, beetling brows and gray hair; with a courtliness that keeps you guessing as to how much more gracious the next courtesy can be than the last, and a funny anecdote to cap every climax." A devout Roman Catholic, he would nevertheless help Presbyterians to establish a mission foothold in Ganado. He cultivated a deep appreciation of art and read widely in history, the classics, and science. And he followed national events closely, even dabbling himself in Arizona politics.

Today the Hubbell Trading Post perches on the banks of a broad trough of sand known as Pueblo Colorado Wash in northeastern Arizona—a "living" National Historic Site in which a veteran trader still conducts business much in the manner of Hubbell. It is an elaborate complex of stone buildings, including the post itself, with wareroom, storeroom, office, and blanket room, and a sprawling hacienda, its rooms heavy with colorful Navajo blankets, Hopi basketry, and works of the leading western artists of Hubbell's time, left in token of his generous hospitality.

If Don Lorenzo and the ambience he created amid the stark deserts of the Navajo project a picture tainted with the self-assumed superiority, condescension, and paternalism that today's generation finds so offensive in the white man's relations with people of different color and culture, still one must concede that the relationship was in many respects beneficial to both parties and not unwelcome to the supposed victims. Navajos mourned the passing of Lorenzo Hubbell. After his burial atop Hubbell Hill on a gray November day in 1930, an old Indian is said to have expressed the sentiment of the Navajos in these words:

"You wear out your shoes, you buy another pair;
When the food is all gone, you buy more;
You gather melons, and more will grow on the vine;
You grind corn and make bread, which you eat;
And next year you have plenty of corn.
But my friend Lorenzo is gone, and none to take his place." AW

Robert M. Utley *is coauthor of* The American Heritage History of the Indian Wars.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE COLLECTION

School Days on the Frontier

COLLECTION OF RELL G. FRANCIS, HERITAGE PRINTS, SPRINGVILLE, UTAH

Slates and schoolbooks clasped in their hands, the pupils of Cove School, a one-room log schoolhouse in Sevier, Utah, pose with their teacher, Miss Josephine King, for a frontier version of the now-traditional school portrait.

by Pamela Herr

When my grandfather was a young boy growing up on a farm laboriously carved out of the Michigan woods, the future was the one thing his parents could promise him—and like so many other frontier settlers, they believed that a part of that future could be found in the crude one-room log schoolhouse that he and his brothers and sister attended each morning after their chores were done.

"Education is the great equalizer of the conditions of men," wrote reformer Horace Mann, who in the first half of the nineteenth century advocated free public schooling for every American child. While the New England states pioneered in establishing such schools, it was in the frontier West in the second half of the century that education first shed its aristocratic and class bias and became the vehicle by which men and women could change their lives.

"Any boy can become president" was a common theme of frontier oratory, and for youngsters like my grandfather, growing up after the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln—who had walked miles to attend school or borrow a book—was the quintessential example of the self-made man. And if Lincoln alone didn't stir enthusiasm for book-learning, a dawdling youngster had only to open his McGuffey's *Eclectic Reader* to discover such warning examples as "The Idle Schoolboy" in the *Second Reader:* "I will tell you about the laziest boy you ever heard of. He was indolent about everything. . . . His father tried to give him a good education, but he *would* be a dunce; not because he was a fool, but because he was too lazy to give his attention to anything...and now he goes about the streets, begging for his bread."

My grandfather must have read his McGuffey's well, for after he completed the eighth grade, all the little log schoolhouse offered, he hired out to an uncle at fifteen dollars a month to earn money for further schooling; he planned to be a teacher. Doing all the work on a 160-acre farm—planting corn, wheat, and oats—only reinforced his ambition. He would have agreed with the sharecropper's son on the Oklahoma frontier who had the chance to attend school for the first time at fourteen and realized, "What if I could better my condition? I was tired of eating corn pone and blackstrap for breakfast and plowing all day in the hot, blazing sun."

Spurred by such energy and optimism, schools sprang up rapidly on the frontier. In the Oregon region, schools were organized so quickly that girls came to class wearing skirts made from the canvas tops of the covered wagons that had just carried them across the plains. In Kansas and Nebraska, settlers built sod schoolhouses almost as soon as they had provided shelter for themselves and their livestock (and by 1900, these two states, along with Iowa, boasted the highest literacy rate in the nation). Even in the roughest of bachelor-dominated boomtowns, schools were soon established: in 1864, the citizens of Bannack, Montana Territory, hung twenty-three outlaws for a total of 102 murders—and started a school. And in Tombstone, Arizona, an adobe schoolhouse opened its doors almost as soon as the town was laid out.

The first school in a frontier settlement was often conducted by a mother with enough education to teach her children and those of her neighbors, using the Bible and perhaps a Sears, Roebuck catalog as primers. Sarah Royce, the mother of California philosopher/historian Josiah Royce, traveled west by covered wagon in 1849, carrying with her through all hardships a Bible, a volume of Milton, and a small lap desk. In California, as the family moved from one mining camp to another, she conducted school in a canvas tent or rough cottage. In Oklahoma's Indian Territory, a pioneer recalled that it was her father who had taught the children on their isolated ranch: "One hour, after supper, every night was set aside for school work. We used *Swinton's Readers, Ray's Arithmetic,* and the *Blue Back Spelling Book,* and Father's own copies of penmanship." After lessons were over, this enterprising father coached his brood in public speaking.

As more children arrived in a pioneer community, parents banded together to form a subscription school, hiring a teacher who charged a set fee per pupil and "boarded around" with the families of the students during a school term that might last three or four months. In areas where cash was scarce, teachers might be paid in hogs and corn; in Monterey, California, an early teacher's salary came from fines collected by raiding gambling parties.

The whole community helped build these early schools, using their own labor and material readily at hand: sod on the Great Plains, logs in the Northwest, adobe in the Southwest. Everywhere ingenuity was shown. In California during the Gold Rush, when lumber was in short supply, the citizens were particularly resourceful. One clever woman sewed an enormous tent of blue denim cloth, which was used as a school all winter. Another California community ap-

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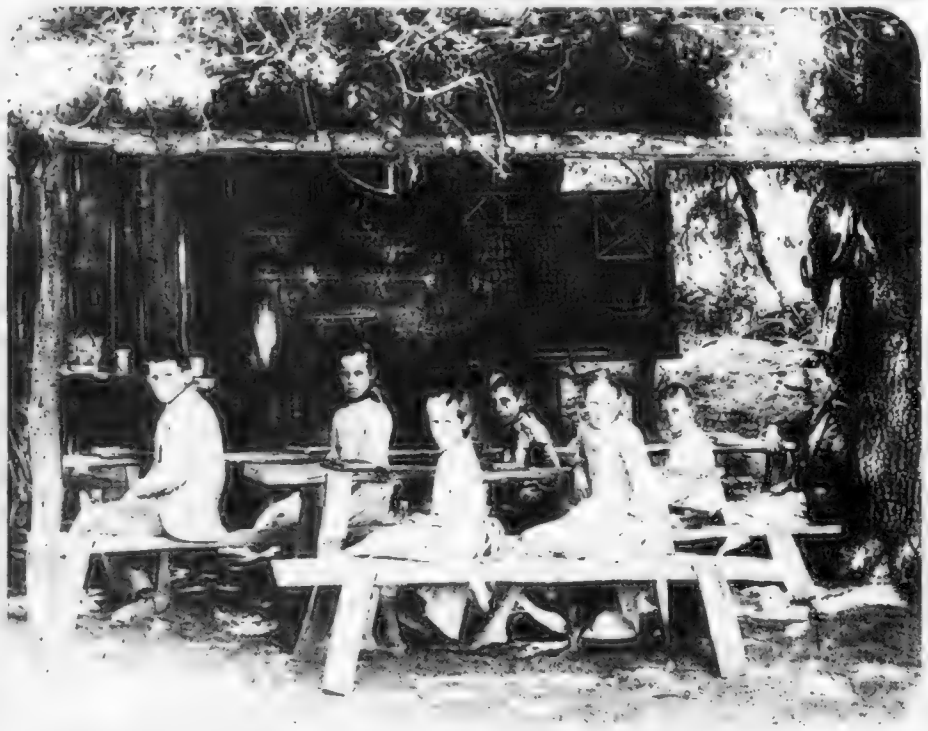
Modest Beginnings

The first schools in the frontier West were often makeshift affairs, like the al fresco classroom at right, located in early-day Southern California. But as communities developed, settlers banded together to build more permanent structures, making use of local building materials and their own labor. The starkly simple frame building below housed pioneer schoolchildren who lived along Arizona's lower Verde River. In forested areas, early schools were often little more than log cabins like the one pictured on the opposite page, top, in Sandy, Oregon. On the Great Plains, sod, opposite below, was the essential ingredient.

HISTORICAL COLLECTION, TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO



COLLECTION OF THE SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM, PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION

SOLOMON D. BUTCHER COLLECTION, NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT COLLECTION, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

Most frontier schools were simply furnished and sparsely supplied. Teachers often worked with only a Bible, an almanac, a few old maps, perhaps a dog-eared dictionary and what textbooks the children themselves could bring to class.

propriated an abandoned ship's cabin for its first schoolroom, while near Los Angeles a schoolhouse of wild mustard stalks was erected under a spreading oak tree.

As each frontier community grew in prosperity and stability, its citizens began to envision a roomier, better equipped, and more permanent schoolhouse. Many western states and territories benefited from early land grant legislation that set aside lots in each town for use in financing schools. Though some citizens still felt, "Let them as has kids educate them," it was generally accepted by the latter half of the nineteenth century that schools were the responsibility of the whole community.

Though form and style varied from region to region, western schoolhouses were surprisingly similar. Usually constructed of wood, and more often painted white than red, the building might house up to fifty pupils in one room. Windows dotted two or three sides, and from these pupils might glimpse, as one Nebraska settler remembered, Indians or great herds of longhorn cattle or emigrant wagons passing by. Children hung their wraps on a row of hooks at the back of the classroom, or in more elaborate schools, in a cloakroom, a spot also favored by mischievous boys for releasing frogs or snakes. Dinner pails were stashed on a nearby bench, while one inevitably damp corner was reserved for the water bucket and long-handled dipper, along with a washbowl, soap, and one towel to be shared by all. Pupils vied for the privilege of going for water; it meant a brief escape from the classroom and a walk to the school pump or a nearby creek, or even down the road to a neighboring farmhouse.

Pupils sat two or three at a desk, ranged in rows, with the youngest closest to the teacher and the oldest in the coveted position against the back wall, far from the eyes of authority. The teacher presided from a low platform at the front, with the recitation bench nearby and a blackboard behind. Teaching aids were scarce: "Being in one room with only a chart, some flash cards, and one small blackboard, plus a few discarded textbooks, left one compelled to improvise in every possible way," one frontier teacher recalled.

Portraits of Washington and Lincoln invariably graced the walls, along with a few maps and pictures cut from magazines. Mottoes were also popular adornments—"Order is Heaven's First Law" being a particular favorite with harried teachers.

The big-bellied iron stove—placed at the back or center of the room—was an essential feature of most frontier schoolrooms, and the teacher, who served as janitor and firetender, had to keep it well fed with wood, coal, or chips during the grim winter months. "The weather was severe, the schoolhouse indescribably forlorn and dilapidated," wrote a woman who taught in rural Iowa in the 1860s. "We used to sit around the stove to study or recite, one division making way for another as we alternately scorched or froze. It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties but we made the time count for all that."

It was in such a one-room country schoolhouse that my grandfather, at age eighteen, taught his first class. Like many prospective teachers of the time, he had completed a training course at one of the new normal schools and passed a teacher's examination when he was hired for this first job—at $100 for a three-month term, a fairly typical salary in late nineteenth-century country schools. He boarded for $1.50 a week on a nearby farm (where he ate magnificently) and rode a horse to school each day. And he found he loved teaching.

During the next few years, he continued to teach and earned the equivalent of a college degree as well. But he was young, and the West beckoned. One day, looking at a map, he picked out likely towns in Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska, and sent letters of application to school boards there. He received a number of favorable replies, and sight unseen, chose Long Pine, a tiny northcentral Nebraska farming settlement that boasted a white-frame, two-room schoolhouse of which he would be principal.

They must have been glad to get him, for teachers were scarce on the frontier and turnover high. A teacher passing through Nebraska during the same period found that teaching jobs—as well as marriage proposals—came readily. "At one ambitious hamlet, I was not only asked to Sunday school and Sunday dinner . . . but after further conversation was warmly pressed to take charge of the just built district school, of which they were justly proud."

Young men and women, who had finished the eighth grade and perhaps a teacher training course, were frequently hired in such frontier schools: "After a good bit of discussion," one teacher who began her career at sixteen recalled, "with the school board feeling that I was too young to handle their school and my trying to convince them of my capability, we came to the agreement that if I would put my hair up and my skirts down, the contract was mine at $50 a month for four

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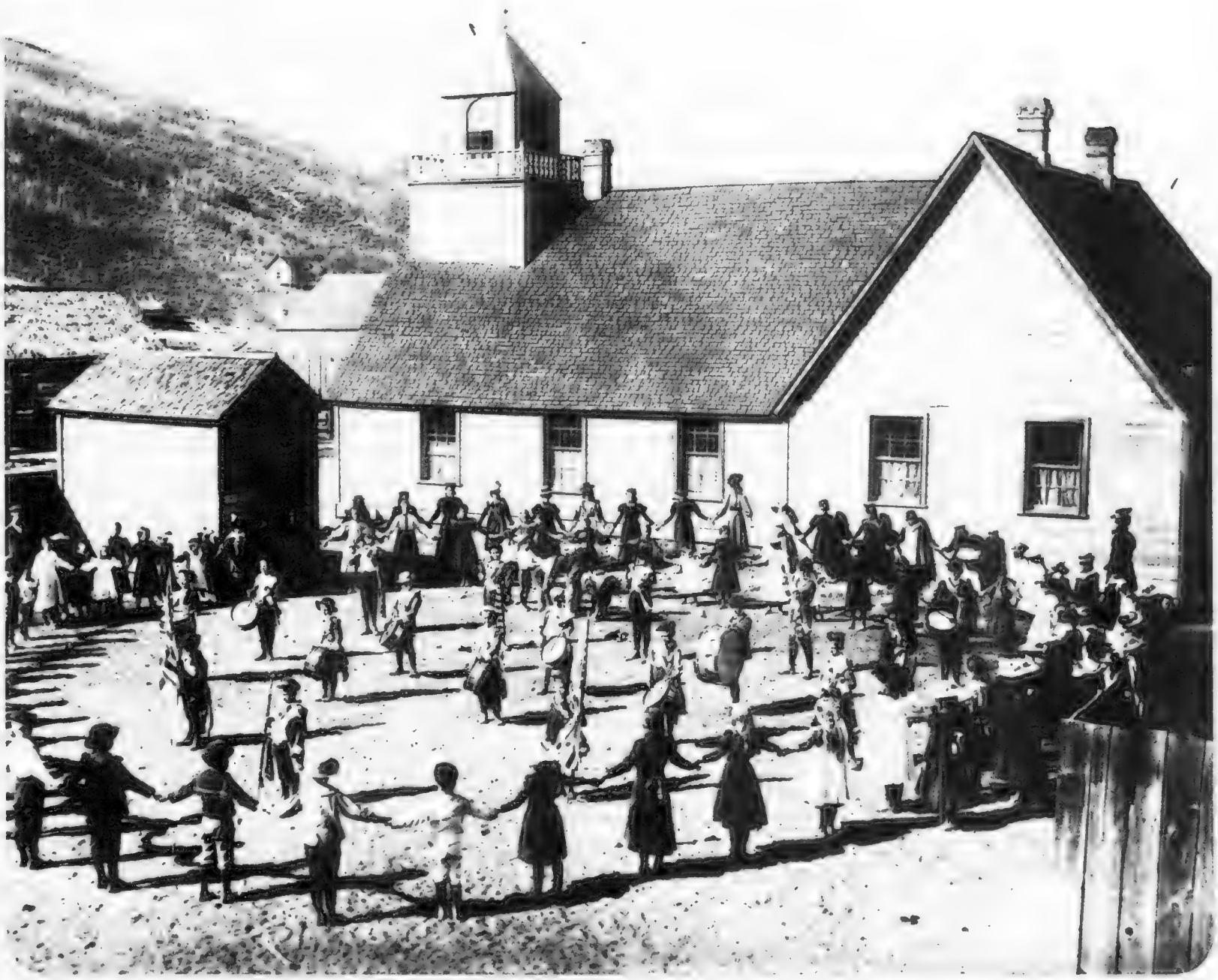
KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN COLLECTION

"The Little Red Schoolhouse"

As pioneer communities grew in prosperity and stability, roomier and better-equipped schools were constructed. Contrary to all poesy, they were more often painted white than red, like the charming Wisconsin country schoolhouse on the opposite page, bottom. While most frontier schools were of wood, the solid Montgomery County, Kansas, school pictured at left is of local stone. Boasting several classrooms and an elegant cupola, the Scofield, Utah, school directly below is an elaboration on the standard theme.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY LIBRARY COLLECTION



months." Another teenage teacher remembered the apprehension of her first day of class: "The day that school opened I was in a trauma. I didn't know the first thing to say or do. All the children were my neighbors, I had gone to school just the year before with their sisters and brothers. . . . How could I look mature overnight?"

Young men, planning on a career in law or medicine, often taught school for a term or two to earn money for their studies. But as other opportunities opened in the West, the pay seemed less attractive: "A first-class bootblack obtains almost as much," remarked one Californian as far back as 1860, while another wrote just a few years later, "Teachers are badly paid—worse than any laboring class. . . . No female teacher can save and maintain as respectable a bank account as do most industrious servants."

Nevertheless, as the nineteenth century wore on, more women turned to teaching as one of the few careers open to them. "Father thought the business world was no place for ladies," one young teacher explained. In 1870, 59 percent of all teachers were women; by 1900, the figure had risen to 70 percent.

It was hard for a woman to remain single on the frontier, and the young schoolmarm often found herself the belle of the district. Typically, one Montana ranch family found they had no trouble hiring ranch hands while the pretty young schoolteacher boarded at their place. A teacher's morals were carefully watched by the whole community, and in some regions teaching contracts specifically prohibited the standard nineteenth-century vices: dancing, drinking, smoking, card playing, and immodest dress. In frontier Iowa, at least three petticoats (one short and two long) were *de rigueur* for female teachers, along with shoes that buttoned high enough and skirts that were long enough to prevent even a discreet display of ankle. Still, some managed to rebel: one young teacher in the Southwest who rode a horse to school caused more than a few raised eyebrows by wearing a divided riding skirt ordered from the Sears, Roebuck catalogue.

Despite such restrictions, there was adventure for a young teacher in traveling to a remote mining or ranching region far from home. One Oklahoma Territory woman, given the choice of teaching in a staid religious community or a wild frontier town, deliberately picked the latter. "I chose Allen, where I thought there would be the most excitement," she said. "There was." Prudently, she never told her doting father that she had had a choice.

During the early frontier period, teachers were often hired as much for their ability to keep order as for their knowledge. A strain of violence penetrated many western schools, and in towns like Tombstone, boys even packed guns to class. "I had to order leaving the six-shooters at home," a Tombstone teacher reported, "then take their firearms from them, and finally confiscate till the end of the year."

It was important, one frontier chronicler stated, for a teacher to establish control at the beginning or he would be "laughed out, smoked out, sulphured out, or knocked out." Many teachers kept a switch at hand and did not hesitate to use it. In one prairie schoolroom, the switch was kept discreetly hidden behind a large framed picture of a train emblazoned with the words, "Go West, Young Man," an irony that may have struck more than one wayward pupil.

In a time when discipline was strict and class routine rigid, teachers who showed concern and sensitivity toward their pupils were deeply appreciated. Students volunteered to chop wood, clean blackboards, and sweep floors for them, brought wildflowers and homemade goodies as presents, and vied with one another to have the teacher come to dinner and spend the night. "My older brothers broke their necks to please her," one pioneer woman said of their gentle teacher. "We even got her to go home with us for suppers. The boys all quarreled to see which would walk home with her." And a Montana man remembered his first sight of the new teacher: "There she stood—smiling, blue eyes, golden hair, fashionable clothes. . . . I was six, and instantly and hopelessly in love."

The traditional three *R*'s, reading, writing, and arithmetic, were the basic subjects taught in pioneer schools, for settlers wanted their children to have a practical education rather than one adorned with aristocratic frills like Latin. Spelling, using Noah Webster's blue backed spellers, and grammar were also taught. Older pupils learned geography and history, but science was neglected; most children, it was felt, learned enough of that on the farm.

A typical school day opened with hymns or patriotic airs, perhaps sung to the accompaniment of a prized pump organ. The teacher or an older pupil might then read passages from the Bible, followed by a few uplifting remarks geared to spur laggard pupils to greater effort. Usually starting with the youngest children, the teacher then heard lessons at the recitation bench, while the rest of the class busied themselves at their

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ROY ANDREWS COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARY

Most pioneer school interiors looked much like this rural Oregon classroom. One essential feature was the big stove, kept well fed in winter by the teacher, who served as firetender and janitor as well as pedagogue.

Faithful Study Succeeds

BOTH PAGES: ROY ANDREWS COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARY

Many western schools remained virtually unchanged as the twentieth century began, as these circa-1912 photographs by Roy Andrews, a Lane County, Oregon, district supervisor, illustrate. The schoolroom was still an earnest place, where the three R*'s, along with spelling and grammar, were stressed. In ungraded classrooms like the one pictured above, small groups of children worked with the teacher at the recitation bench while others studied independently. Discussion was rarely encouraged; the eager youngsters on the opposite page were expected to give the correct answer, not an opinion. But despite such rigors, the two winsome girls at right reveal that school had its joyous moments.*

Recess

The glorious fourth R *allowed pioneer children a brief escape from the cramped quarters and strict discipline of the classroom. There was little play equipment, but youngsters were adept at entertaining themselves, and nearby creeks, swamps, woods, and pastures provided endless amusement as well. Despite poorly heated classrooms, even winter had its delights: at right, Shawnee County, Kansas, schoolboys prepare for a snowball fight. Below, children in a natural playground near Livingston, Montana, romp through one of the traditional circle games that the pioneers carried West.*

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION

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Western schoolboys enjoyed baseball (above and at left), but in frontier settlements equipment was often homemade. Bats were carved from saplings, while a ball might be improvised by unraveling yarn from old socks and winding it around a rock. Football was a later innovation: when it was finally introduced in one Nebraska community about 1910, alarmed parents said it took the boys' minds off their schoolwork and "ought to be stopped." Needless to say, it wasn't.

desks. One prairie pioneer remembered that in her school "we sang everything": the alphabet, multiplication tables, names of presidents, capitals, and geographical features. Memorization was stressed in early schools, and there was little opportunity for questions or discussion. Teachers, often trying to deal with thirty or more children at varying levels from first through eighth grade, were kept busy teaching as many as twenty different lessons a day.

A western teacher's problems with overcrowded classroom and meager supplies were often compounded by the fact that many children were emigrants who spoke little or no English. Between 1815 and 1915, thirty-five million people arrived in the United States, and many of them settled in the West. To such emigrant families, education was of great importance. A girl who in 1881 arrived from Russia, where there were no public schools for girls and few for boys, movingly described what school in America meant to her family: "Education was free. That subject my father had written about repeatedly, as comprising his chief hope for us children, the essence of American opportunity, the treasure that no thief could touch, not even misfortune or poverty. It was the one thing he was able to promise us when he sent for us; surer, safer than bread or shelter."

Still, it was difficult for a young child to plunge into a new environment and language. A sensitive teacher in a new Minnesota mining town wrote compassionately of such newcomers: "They sat in silence, listening, watching," she recalled of their first days in school. But they were young and eager. "Usually at the end of two weeks the silent one would burst forth into speech . . . so happy to be one of us at last."

In frontier schools, pupils provided their own books, and brothers and sisters often had to share (and quarrel over) one reader. By far the most popular textbooks in the West were McGuffey's *Eclectic Readers*, which between 1836 and the end of the century sold almost one hundred thirty million copies. Raised on the Ohio frontier, William Holmes McGuffey had begun to teach in country schools when he was thirteen, and his texts reflected the values he shared with a westward-moving America. Earlier primers, such as the famous *New England Primer,* had stressed a grim religious morality, and Puritan children began their alphabet, "In Adam's Fall, We Sinned all." In contrast, though McGuffey's texts were intensely moral, his was an ethic that pointed toward worldly success rather than doomsday. Westerners were optimists; they believed in the future, and so did McGuffey. His young readers learned that hard work, thrift, and honesty would bring them prosperity as well as salvation.

The climax of the frontier school year was a special last-day-of-school program, attended by the whole community. In *Tom Sawyer,* Mark Twain described such a scene: "At eight in the evening the school-house was brilliantly lighted, and adorned with wreaths and festoons of foliage and flowers. The master sat throned in his great chair upon a raised platform, with his blackboard behind him. He was looking tolerably mellow. . . . To his left, back of the rows of citizens . . . were seated the scholars who were to take part in the exercises of the evening; rows of small boys, washed and dressed to an intolerable state of discomfort; rows of gawky big boys; snowbanks of girls and young ladies clad in lawn and muslin." The program might begin with a spelling bee, or a geography or ciphering match, followed by the inevitable recitations from McGuffey's *Fifth* or *Sixth,* replete with lavish gestures. Report cards were passed out, diplomas awarded, and inspiration evoked by local dignitaries.

During his long career in teaching, my grandfather spoke on many such occasions. Among his papers is the text of one such speech, made late in his career when he was superintendent of schools in a large Nebraska town. "Change" was his theme, and certainly he had seen it during his fifty years of teaching. The simple one-room schoolhouse he had known as a youth had all but disappeared; between 1910 and 1960 their number dropped from 200,000 to 20,000. Public education beyond the eighth grade had not been available to him; in 1875, only 20,000 American youngsters were attending high school. After World War I, it was within the reach of every child.

"Education means change," he said in that speech. Yet I know he missed the frontier school and the simpler virtues it exemplified. Like most people of his time, he did not see that such schools penalized women and largely ignored Blacks, Chicanos, and Asians. Still he was right in valuing the simplicity, the optimism, the self-reliance of those early schools. Primitive, poorly equipped, and inadequate though they often were, they represented the best efforts of the frontier West during a time when people still believed in the future, and when Abraham Lincoln, gazing down from his frame on the schoolroom wall, seemed to promise that any boy could be president. **AW**

Pamela Herr *is managing editor of* The American West.

ROY ANDREWS COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARY

In the early West, the school truly belonged to the whole community. Here pupils, parents, and other citizens gather at a rural Oregon schoolhouse for graduation ceremonies.

The Ridge Family and the

ON A COLD NIGHT in January 1832, a dark, slender young man dressed in a well-cut suit and a snowy, ruffled shirt stood on a platform before an audience in New York's Clinton Hall. Passionately he described the desperate attempts of the Cherokee people to remain on their ancestral lands.

"You asked us," he said, "to throw off the hunter and warrior state; we did so. You asked us to form a republican government; we did so—adopting your own as a model. You asked us to cultivate the earth, and learn the mechanic arts; we did so. You asked us to cast away our idols, and worship your God; we did so."

And yet, he declared with feeling, his people faced removal from their lands and possible annihilation as a nation.

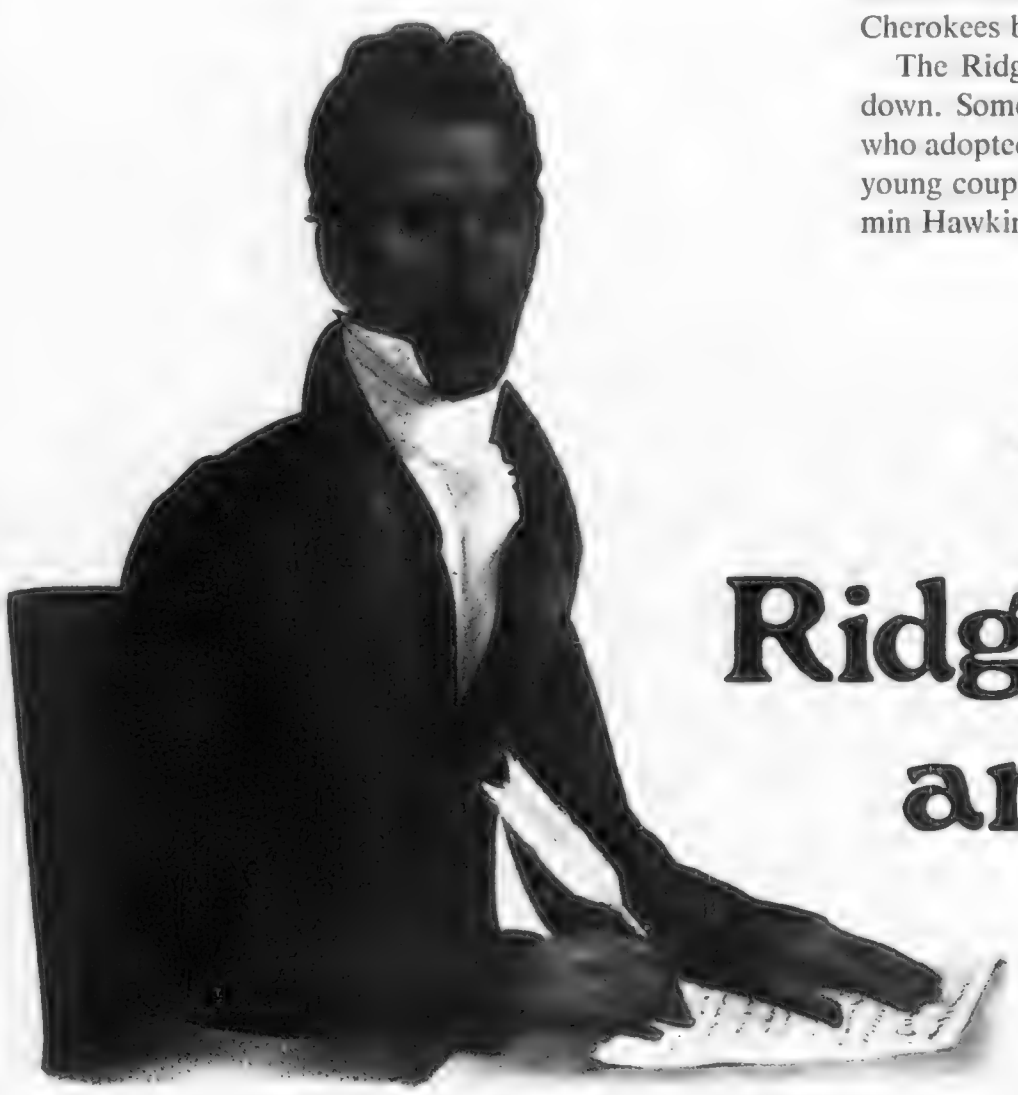
John Ridge, son of a leader of the Cherokee Nation, and himself an official of its government, was engaged in a lecture tour to enlist public support for the Cherokees in their desperate attempt to keep their ancient lands in the southern Appalachians. Commenting on Ridge's description of the ordeals of his people, the New York *Commerical Advertiser* declared, "The simple story of their wrongs, related in the unsophisticated language of nature . . . went home to the heart with irresistible power. . . . His narrative . . . was sufficient to fire the blood and rouse the indignation of every American deserving the name of man."

While the *Commercial Advertiser* referred to Ridge's "unsophisticated language of nature," the young man could hardly be called a child of nature. Educated in missionary schools, trained in tribal politics and in the protocol of negotiations with whites, a planter, merchant, and writer, John Ridge demonstrated the distance his people had traveled since the days when his father had taken American scalps as a young border brave.

To appreciate the change, we must turn back to those days. Despite the signing of the Treaty of Hopewell in 1785, white squatters continued to settle on Cherokee lands in violation of the terms of the treaty. A series of border wars erupted in which the Ridge—the white man's name for "the man who walks on the mountain tops"—distinguished himself by his militancy. In an attempt to end the fighting, the Treaty of Holston in 1791 provided that "the United States solemnly guarantees to the Cherokee Nation all their lands not hereby granted" to the United States. Continued white intrusions, however, kept the border inflamed until the crushing 1793 defeat of the Cherokees by John Sevier temporarily stopped hostilities.

The Ridge returned to his home at Pine Log to settle down. Sometime around 1792, he had married Sehoya, who adopted the name of Susanna. Several years later, the young couple followed the advice of Indian agent Benjamin Hawkins and moved from the Indian town. Clearing

Missionary-educated John Ridge, below, pleaded the Cherokee cause before eastern audiences when the state of Georgia threatened to drive his people from their lands during the 1830s.



a patch of land in the forest, they built a cabin in the style of the whites. Here the Ridge planted corn, while Susanna turned to weaving and knitting.

By 1811, the Ridge was a rising young leader in the tribal council. He had persuaded the council, a year earlier, to abolish the traditional Blood Law of clan vengeance for a death, and now he himself was appointed to head the Lighthorse Guard, the council's law enforcement company which rode the judicial circuit.

In that year, however, the precarious peace of the Indian lands was threatened by the impending War of 1812 between the Americans and the British. To some of the younger Cherokees, the war promised an opportunity for restitution; for these braves, the call to arms by the Shawnee chief Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, brought hope of driving the Americans from what had once been Indian lands by cooperating with the British. Visiting virtually every tribe and clan in the East to urge resistance, Tecumseh and his emissaries succeeded in creating the greatest Indian alliance ever established north of Mexico. But the Ridge and most of the other Cherokee chiefs remained skeptical. Indeed, the Cherokee Council warned their Creek neighbors—many of whose young men were preparing for war—that "if the Indians joined Great Britain, they would lose every foot of land; [but] if they joined the United States against Great Britain, they would lose no land, but would secure the friendship of the United States."

When a group of Creek insurgents took to the warpath, the Ridge warned the council that the Cherokees had to act to avert the suspicion by the Americans that all the tribes were hostile. Accordingly he called upon the young men to join with him in taking up arms on behalf of the United States against the insurgent Creeks. The Ridge and a number of other chiefs led their volunteers to join General Andrew Jackson. During what became known as the Creek War, the Ridge rose to the rank of major, a title that he henceforth used.

At the end of the war, Major Ridge turned to the life of a southern farmer. On a plantation along the Oostanaula River, he built a house that was later described by General Daniel Brinsmade as "an elegant painted mansion with porches on each side as the fashion of the country is." Two stories high by the 1820s, it contained eight rooms, panelled in hardwood, with four brick fireplaces. Behind the house, two long cabins served as kitchens, and nearby stood a smokehouse, stables, and a lumber house. Farther back were the cabins for the thirty black slaves. With an orchard containing more than two thousand fruit trees and a flat-bottomed ferry tied up at the foot of the embankment behind the house, the plantation was described by Thomas L. McKenney, one-time superintendent of Indian

Once a young Indian warrior, Major Ridge, below, became a wealthy planter and Cherokee government leader who urged his people to adopt white civilization as the only alternative to extinction.

Death of a Nation

by Bernard Feder

PORTRAIT FROM HISTORY OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF N. A. BY THOMAS L. MCKENNEY AND JAMES HALL

trade, as "the home of a patriarch, the scene of plenty and hospitality."

By the mid-1820s, Major Ridge and other leaders had persuaded the Cherokees that the only method by which they could resist further white intrusions was to adopt the white man's civilization. In 1825, *Niles' Weekly Register* was able to report the speech of one chief to a town council: "The hunting is almost done & we must now live by farming, raising corn & cotton & cattle & horses & hogs & sheep. . . . I now look around this assembly & see a great many who work & take care of their farms, they live well, we can all see the good to be derived from industry."

Major Ridge sent his own children, John and Nancy, to be educated in white missionary schools and—while he himself spoke little English—he voted in the tribal council for English to be adopted as the official language of the Cherokee government.

During these years, rapid changes were taking place in the Cherokee Nation. In May of 1817, the Cherokee government became a republic, and a new capital was established two years later at New Echota, Georgia. Major Ridge was the speaker of the National Council (the lower house), and his protege, John Ross, who had served as a second lieutenant during the Creek War, was elected president of the National Committee (the upper house). Among the guests in Major Ridge's house during this period was a distant cousin, George Gist, better known by his Indian name of Sequoyah, who developed an alphabet or syllabary, with a symbol for each of the eighty-six sounds in the Cherokee tongue. Because the system was completely phonic, a Cherokee could read as soon as he had memorized the symbols. Ridge began to dream of a Cherokee newspaper.

By 1821, Sequoyah, a distant cousin of Major Ridge, had developed an alphabet which allowed the Cherokees to read and write their language after a week's study.

EVEN AS MEN LIKE RIDGE and Ross worked to reform the Cherokee Nation, the state of Georgia was pressing on them. In 1802, without consulting the Indians, the United States had agreed to abolish all Indian claims in Georgia in return for the cession of Georgia's claim to western lands. The government of Georgia was now demanding implementation of that agreement.

Alarmed at the persistence of the Georgians, the Cherokee Council sent a message to the United States Senate in 1822 declaring that they would not sell another foot of land. "There is not a spot [other than their own lands]," the message declared, "that [the Cherokees] would ever consent to inhabit; because they have unequivocally determined never again to pursue the chase as heretofore, or to engage in wars, unless by the common call of the Government to defend the common rights of the United States."

Two years later, when Major Ridge led a Cherokee delegation to Washington, Secretary of War John C. Calhoun read to the delegates the convention of 1802 containing the promise to Georgia. In response, the Cherokee delegation submitted a memorandum that declared: "The Cherokee Nation have now come to a decisive and unalterable conclusion not to cede away any more lands."

Calhoun responded coldly. It would be impossible, he declared, for the Indians to remain as a separate entity within the chartered limits of Georgia. They must plan either to become integrated within the social and political structure of Georgia or to emigrate to lands beyond the Mississippi. Deeply concerned, the Cherokees pointed out that they were not foreigners but original inhabitants of the United States, that the states by which they were now surrounded had been created out of land that was once theirs, and that they would not recognize the sovereignty of any state within the limits of their territory.

The representatives of Georgia in the Congress were furious at what they termed "diplomatic correspondence" between the Cherokee chiefs and the War Department. They seemed to be particularly incensed by the fact that Calhoun had referred to the chiefs as "gentlemen."

The Georgians insisted that the Cherokees had no choice but to move or face extinction as a people. In a message to Congress, however, President James Monroe rejected the arguments of the Georgia congressmen, declaring that in his opinion, "The Indian title was not affected in the slightest circumstances by the compact with

Georgia, and that there is no obligation on the United States to remove the Indians by force." He warned the Indians, nevertheless, that in light of increasing pressures, it might well be in their best interests "to consent to remove beyond the limits of our present states and territories."

As though to reaffirm the decision to stand fast, the Cherokee Council resolved to establish a national academy and—largely at the urging of Major Ridge—to found a Moral and Literary Society. In 1827, the long-awaited *Cherokee Phoenix* began publication as the newspaper of the nation under the editorship of Elias Boudinot, Major Ridge's nephew. The next year, the *Phoenix* was able to publish the newly adopted constitution of the Cherokee Nation, frankly modeled after that of the United States. Major Ridge was chosen for the new post of counselor, while John Ross—well-educated and fluent in English—was appointed principal chief.

If anything, the rapid progress of the Cherokees hardened the Georgians' resolve to push the Indians out of the state. As though to aggravate the situation, gold was discovered in the southeastern portion of the Cherokee lands in 1829. Within weeks, hordes of whites had poured into the territory.

Agents, both of the state of Georgia and the United States, moved among the Cherokees, agitating for removal. When it became known that a number of Indians had asked that their lands be appraised by emigration agents, Cherokee leaders became alarmed. A proposal was submitted and drafted into legal form by Major Ridge's son John, now himself a member of the National Committee, prescribing death for any Cherokee who "sold land in treaty without authority of the nation."

Any hopes the Cherokees might have had that the new president, Andrew Jackson, would come to the aid of his old allies were demolished on December 8, 1829, when Jackson delivered his first annual message to Congress. The president declared that "a portion of the Southern tribes, having mingled much with the whites and made some progress in the arts of civilized life, have lately attempted to erect an independent government within the limits of Georgia and Alabama. . . . The Constitution declares that 'no new States shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State' without the consent of its legislature . . . [and] much less could [the federal government] allow a foreign and independent government to establish itself there. . . . Actuated by this view of the subject, I informed the Indians inhabiting parts of Georgia and Alabama that their attempt to establish an independent government would not be countenanced . . . , and advised them to emigrate beyond the Mississippi or submit to the laws of those States."

Apparently encouraged by Jackson's position, Governor George R. Gilmer of Georgia signed into law a Cherokee Code that forbade meetings of the Cherokee government, declared null and void all contracts made between whites and Indians unless witnessed by two whites, and provided "that no Indian or descendant of any Indians . . . shall be deemed a competent witness in any court of this State to which a white person may be a party."

The enactment of the Cherokee Code brought onto the Cherokee lands swarms of Georgia rednecks and confidence men, swindlers and hoodlums. Some came with forged deeds to Cherokee property; others simply seized property by force of arms, knowing that the Cherokees were now forbidden their own law enforcement agencies and access to the courts of Georgia. Still others merely squatted on vacant or vacated lands.

In anger, the Council authorized Major Ridge to act against such intruders. On January 4, 1830, wearing a horned buffalo headdress, Major Ridge led a group of about thirty Cherokees on a settlement of intruders at Beaver Dam. Wearing war paint, the warriors gave the eighteen white families time to evacuate their houses—homes of Cherokees who had left for the West—and then burned the buildings. Georgians reacted with anger. The Savannah *Georgian* proposed that a portrait of that "enlightened leader of the Cherokee Nation, Major Ridge, dressed in his Buffalo's head and horns, brandishing his tomahawk over suffering females and children," be added to the gallery of Indian portraits in Washington. Bands of

Continued on page 61

A protege of Major Ridge, Cherokee leader John Ross resisted the Cherokee removal and broke bitterly with the Ridge family over the issue.

An Informal Chronicle of the Westerners

IF LELAND D. CASE, the young editor of *The Rotarian,* had not decided to take a short vacation in Sweden after the 1937 convention of Rotary International at Nice, several thousand western history buffs in a half-dozen countries would not now be meeting regularly to revel in the companionship of other frontier enthusiasts, argue heatedly about Custer's tactics at the Little Bighorn or Calamity Jane's morals, listen to learned papers, and practice the quick draw or spirited square dances. For that vacation journey of Leland Case's set in motion a chain of events from which emerged the Westerners—a unique fellowship of men (and later women) who share a passionate interest in the American West and today function through some eighty "corrals" in such unlikely spots as Tokyo, Aarhus, Frankfurt, and La Paz, as well as in most major (and a good many minor) cities of the United States. And, to carry the story one step farther, without the Westerners there would have been no Western History Association, and hence no *American West* magazine.

What struck Leland Case as he wandered about Stockholm was the great open-air Skansen Museum of Swedish history and culture, proudly parading the nation's heritage for all to admire. He was impressed, too, with the pride of the Swedes as they gloried in this tangible record of their nation's achievements. Could that pride be duplicated in America? This was the question Leland Case pondered as he returned home, but not until a year later, when vacationing in Santa Fe, did he have the chance to seek an answer.

Times were difficult then in the American West, with an eight-year depression warping the economy, farmlands ravaged by drought, ambitious young men fleeing to the cities, and faith in the country and its institutions eroding rapidly. How could confidence in western America and love of its rich heritage be restored? How could the belief in the future that had sustained generations of pioneers be recaptured? Would an American Skansen to memoriaiize the cultural achievements of the past, and an organization to make those achievements known, help restore the dwindling faith of rural America? Leland Case believed so, and his convictions were strengthened during his Santa Fe visit by conversations with New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson, an old friend, and other westerners who understood and applauded his dreams.

Since he had been born and reared in the Upper Mississippi Valley, Leland Case naturally thought of that drought-devastated region as a setting for the revival that he hoped to stage. Its history was rich in romance, from the days when French *voyageurs* and American trappers followed its rivers westward to the period of the Populists and agrarian rebellion. Its cultural heritage was secure in the hands of such notables as writers Hamlin Garland and Stewart Edward White, sculptor Gutzon Borglum, cowboy poet Badger Clark, and philosopher/educator John Dewey. These were the founding fathers called together by Case to establish a new society, the Friends of the Middle Border, with headquarters on land in Mitchell, South Dakota, provided by South Dakota Wesleyan College, where Case and others of the group had been schooled. Its declared purpose was to the point: to translate the indigenous culture of the Middle Border into "new and fruitful modes of the self-reliance—which is to say, creativeness—of the pioneers." The westward thrust of the pioneers, the Friends of the Middle Border believed, laid the foundations of the West's cultural heritage, and their contributions must be understood to understand modern civilization.

Since its founding, this lusty young society has expanded to become a moving force in midwestern life, with a museum and library at Mitchell, and a mobile Dakotarama to carry the story of the West's past to today's people. Not the least of its contributions, however, was to foster a sturdy offshoot that was destined for even greater fame.

Once more Leland Case was the moving spirit. By the 1940s he was stationed

by Ray Allen Billington

in Chicago, spreading word of the Friends of the Middle Border among a widening circle of friends. One, Elmo Scott Watson of Northwestern's School of Journalism, was so infected with Case's enthusiasm that he proposed a historical branch of the FMB for Chicago. This was born at a small meeting in Scott's home in March 1943, but soon languished. Clearly a wider appeal was needed; the whole glamorous West, not just the Upper Mississippi Valley, would be of greater interest to Chicagoans. Why not create an affiliate of the Friends of the Middle Border with the whole western frontier as its province? Once more Elmo Scott Watson took the initiative, and once more his home served as the staging area. There a little group met on a stormy night in February 1944, listened to "a short and unlearned treatise" on Calamity Jane delivered by Clarence Paine of Beloit, and selected a "posse" of three —Watson, Case, and Franklin Meine, an encyclopedia editor—to arrange an organizational meeting.

This historic gathering was held on March 27, 1944, at the Cliff Dwellers Club, high above Michigan Avenue in downtown Chicago, with twenty-three founding fathers present. After listening to newspaperman Don Russell prove, "There is no Historical Evidence that Jesse James Ever Robbed a Bank or Held Up a Train," they settled to their task. They would, they agreed, call themselves the "Westerners" rather than the "Historical Section of the Chicago Chapter of the Friends of the Middle Border"—a decision for which we may all be thankful. There would be no formality about their meetings, but a "sheriff" and an elected "posse" would be endowed with such absolute authority that no one else would have to work. The principal function of the officers would be to arrange monthly meetings where food and drink would assure conviviality, and informal papers would be presented by members or guests brave enough to endure the inquisition sure to follow during the question period. These papers would be published in a "Brand Book," to be mimeographed at first but printed as soon as possible. Elmo Scott Watson was elected sheriff by acclaim, with Case and Meine his "deputy sheriffs."

The usual formalities followed in the next meetings. Incorporation was necessary in 1946 to satisfy Illinois laws, but with "fun and scholarship" proclaimed as the sole purposes of the members. More officers were needed and created: a "roundup foreman," a "registrar of marks and brands," a "chief of the smoke signals," a "chuck wrangler." One of the most important was a "trail boss" to round up new members. The invitations that he sent out offered an unbelievable bargain: monthly meetings of the Westerners, the annual Brand Book, membership in the Friends of the Middle Border, a subscription to the *Middle Border Bulletin*—all for two dollars a year. Dues were eventually raised, and affiliation with the Friends of the Middle Border abandoned, but the Chicago Corral has continued to thrive and expand down to the present, and into the foreseeable future.

THIS WAS ONLY the beginning. Over the next years Leland Case emerged as a modern-day Johnny Appleseed, scattering new corrals across the land. First came the Denver Posse, launched on July 25, 1944 by twelve men who gathered at the Denver Club on the invitation of Edwin Bemis, newspaper publisher and history buff. The group heard Leland Case describe the Chicago Corral and then and there named a committee to form one of their own. This bore fruit when sixteen founding fathers met on January 9, 1945, to hear Elmo Scott Watson talk, elect Edwin Bemis their first sheriff, and agree on dues and other unpleasantries.

In doing so they set a happy precedent, and one that does much to account for the popularity of the Westerners. Each group, they decided, would shape its own course, with little heed to others. There would be no slavish imitation of the Chicago Corral in Denver; indeed they refused to use the word, calling themselves the "Denver Posse" instead. There would be no nonsense about that distant eastern establishment, the Friends of the Middle Border. "I see no reason," quoth a member of the organizing committee, "why a club in Denver should be a branch of an organization seated in a small town up in South Dakota." Thus a formal custom was proclaimed: each unit of the Westerners was to be (and has been) fiercely independent of all other units, making its own rules, shaping its own procedures, specializing in its own brand of western history. This staunchly guarded autonomy has been a major ingredient in the success of the organization.

And it was successful. New corrals multiplied, slowly at first—Saint Louis and Los Angeles in 1946; New York in 1952 (with Leland Case midwifing as usual); Tucson, Laramie, and the Black Hills in 1953 (with Case prodding his friends into action); the Potomac Corral in Washington in 1954 (with Case on hand to spark the ceremonies). Each bore its unique brand. The New York Corral opened its doors to "sage-hens" (who could exclude Mari Sandoz?) despite outraged cries from the Far West. The Laramie Corral adjusted itself to a thinly scattered population by shifting its meeting sites about the state. The Tucson Corral (organized as soon as Leland Case retired to that desert city) refused to be hobbled by any formal organization and went its merry way with neither constitution nor bylaws, following the alleged example of the Arizona territorial legislature that met yearly to see what laws had been broken—and repeal them.

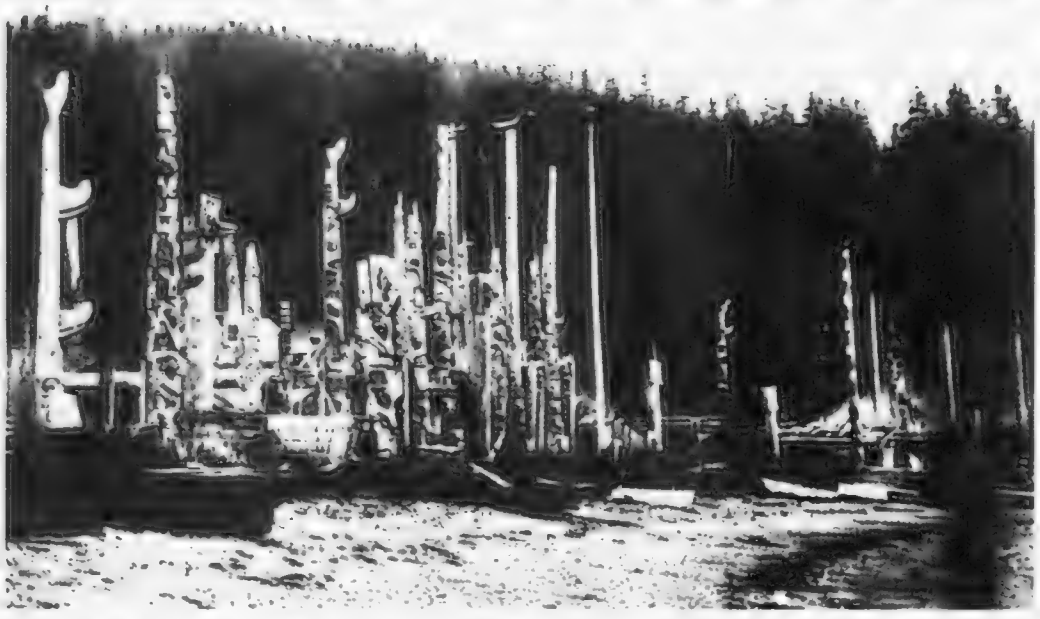
The first overseas corral was launched in 1954 when a Liverpool enthusiast, Frederick W. Nolan, who had been a corresponding member of the Chicago Corral and leaned heavily on the advice of Don Russell, summoned Britishers of like interest to the Coach and Horses Hotel to establish the English Westerners Society with its own Brand Book and a membership that had escalated to two hundred within a few years. France followed in 1955 when the French Corral, meeting in Paris on call, began a series of colorful gatherings that included appropriately garbed visits to western film showings, horseback romps through the Bois de Boulogne disguised as cowboys and Indians, square dancing to the tunes of their own western band, practice with *le lasso,* or lively discussions about the fate of *les Indiens* at Wounded Knee. In all, thirteen corrals were prospering by 1958 when another step was taken toward propagating the gospel of "Westernerism" throughout the world.

This was the founding of the Westerners Foundation at Stockton, California, to "stimulate interest in the frontier history of western America." Sizeably endowed through the generosity of a Chicago Westerner, Philip A. Danielson, this central clearing house for the organization's corrals was to play a major role over the next years in helping would-be Westerners launch their own organiza-

Continued on page 58

A complete listing of Westerner Corrals appears on pages 58–59.

Glimpses into a Lost World



A photographic portfolio of Northwest Indian Baskets

by

Allan Lobb and Art Wolfe

Flying over the island at tree-top level, they finally caught a fleeting glimpse of half-fallen totem poles. The old cedar monuments, which would provide a dramatic background for their photographs of historic Indian basketry, had been hard to see among thickets of spruce trees and scrub brush. The pontoon plane banked and circled back over the island one more time to allow pilot and passengers to confirm their sighting, then turned into the wind and settled onto the ocean. Navigating through choppy seas, the pilot taxied the aircraft past a hazardously rocky coast and into the shelter of a small cove.

This was Anthony Island, a tiny speck near the rugged southern tip of British Columbia's Queen Charlotte Archipelago. Long abandoned to silence, it had once been the site of a thriving and prosperous Haida village. Now only a scattering of weather-worn totem poles and collapsed house beams remained here as testaments to one of North America's most complex Indian cultures. *Continued on page 44*

Opposite Page: Briefly returning to the land of its origins for this portrait, a late nineteenth-century Haida basket rests among decaying monuments on Anthony Island in British Columbia's Queen Charlotte Archipelago. The century-old totem poles stand on the site of Ninstints, a Haida village abandoned since 1890.

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THE KLAMATH River of southern Oregon—named for the Indians inhabiting that region—provides an appropriate setting, opposite, for two storage baskets made by members of the Klamath tribe. Tule grass and porcupine quills are the materials they utilized. The carrying bag below was fashioned by a Umatilla Indian early in this century; materials include twine, Indian hemp, and corn husks. It was photographed among slowly eroding petroglyphs near Vantage, Washington.

A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, BY EDWARD S. CURTIS

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THE VERSATILITY and pliability of cedar root, rush, and cherry bark were fully utilized by the Salish tribes of British Columbia, who made the baskets below from these materials. Baby carrier, storage trunk, and tobacco and pipe pouch were coiled by Lillooet and Thompson Indians late in the nineteenth century; they were photographed along the lower Fraser River near the town of Hope. Also pictured on the Fraser River, the coiled basket with lid, opposite, was likely produced by Stalo Indians at the turn of the century.

ON THE WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND. BY EDWARD S. CURTIS

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MIGHTY WHALES provided sustenance for the skilled mariners of America's Northwest Coast—and inspiration for many of their works of art.
The whale petroglyph below, etched into rocks south of Cape Flattery on the extreme northwest corner of Washington State, echoes designs in storage baskets made by the Makah Indians of the area. Canoeists pursue whales around the perimeter of another basket, opposite, photographed on the storm-buffeted west coast of Vancouver Island. Fashioned from raffia and bear grass, it was made by Makah or Nootka artists.

WATER BASKETS BY EDWARD S. CURTIS

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A PROMONTORY in central Washington near the Yakima Indian Reservation is the setting for the carrying basket below, fashioned by a member of the Yakima tribe from cedar roots and bark, bear grass, and horsetail roots. Tsagaglalal, or "she who watches"—a petroglyph keeping vigil at the narrows of the Columbia River (opposite)—harmonizes with similar figures on a basket and sally bag from the region. These were woven by members of the Chinookan Wasco tribe using buckskin, Indian hemp, bear grass, and corn husks.

Opposite Page: The hospitable shores and waters of the Northwest Coast provided their fortunate inhabitants with a year-round harvest of plenty. These overflowing clam baskets, once used by Salish and Wakashan Indians, were photographed at Samish Bay on Washington's northern coast. Made in a "birdcage" pattern, the utilitarian baskets were created from cedar bark and roots, and also utilize cedar bough splints.

For Allan Lobb, a Seattle surgeon and collector of Indian baskets, and for photographer Art Wolfe, Anthony Island was the culmination of another search in an eight-month-long quest for visual reminders of Northwest Indian history. "As we walked up that sandy beach," observed Lobb, "it was as if we had turned back the clock over one hundred years."

During their three-hour stay on the island—all the time that wind and tide would permit the chartered plane to remain there—Lobb and Wolfe made several view-camera photographs, combining scenes of village ruins with Haida baskets they had brought with them. One of these appears on the opening spread of this portfolio.

The concept for their self-imposed project was simple, but its execution was difficult and time-consuming. The idea was to photograph representative examples of historic Indian baskets from tribes of the Pacific Northwest, *in their native locations*, instead of in the sterile, modern surroundings of museums and private collections. Lobb and Wolfe's search for authentic backgrounds eventually led one or both of them to dozens of remote locations in British Columbia and Alaska, as well as across much of Washington and Oregon. For one group of pictures on the west coast of Vancouver Island, Wolfe carried an eighty-pound backpack and boxes of priceless baskets across thirty miles of foot trails; for other photographs he followed the Fraser River deep into British Columbia, then climbed down steep cliffs to where Lillooet Indians once netted salmon; yet another series took him more than two thousand miles to the northwest onto the fog-shrouded cliffs of Attu Island in the Aleutians. In all, Lobb and Wolfe made several hundred on-location views of basketry from some twenty-five tribal groups. Through the sampling presented on these pages we are afforded a feeling for the remarkable variety and complexity of early Northwest Indian baskets—and, as though we were transported miraculously back through time, a haunting glimpse into the world their makers once inhabited. **AW**

***Allan Lobb** is a surgeon and executive director of the Swedish Hospital Medical Center in Seattle, Washington. Northwest Indian basketry is one of his many free-time interests. **Art Wolfe** is a free-lance photographer and painter who specializes in nature subjects, and whose work has appeared in many regional and national publications.*

Color illustrations in this portfolio have been selected from the one hundred photographs appearing in Indian Baskets of the Northwest Coast *by Allan Lobb and Art Wolfe, released by the Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company of Portland, Oregon. Copyright 1978 by Graphic Arts Center.*

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WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

"Architecture of the Arkansas Ozarks," a photographic exhibition of **pioneer buildings** will be on view September 1–30 at the Art Center of the Ozarks, **Springdale,** Arkansas; October 10–18 at the Arkansas Arts and Humanities Office, Continental Building, **Little Rock;** October 20–November 2 at the Forum, City Hall, **Jonesboro,** Arkansas; and November 6–24 at Torreyson Library, University of Central Arkansas, **Conway.** Sponsored by the Ozark Institute and the Arkansas State Arts Commission, the photographs were taken by James Kanouff along a thirty-five-mile stretch of winding road between Norfolk and Sylamore, where some of Arkansas's oldest settlements are located. Such indigenous buildings, architect Frank Lloyd Wright has said, "are to architecture what folklore is to literature or folk song to music."

The thirty-second **annual meeting** of the **National Trust for Historic Preservation** will be held in **Chicago,** October 11–15. For information write: National Trust for Historic Preservation, 740–748 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

The second annual **Plains Indian Seminar**, devoted to exploring the traditions of attire and adornment among the Plains tribes, will be held at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, on October 27–29. The program will include presentation of papers by noted anthropologists and ethnologists, a workshop, a forum for selected seminar participants, and special tours. For further information contact the center at P.O. Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

The **Yankee Peddler Festival,** scheduled for September 9–10, 16–17, and 23–24 at **Canal Fulton, Ohio,** will include craft demonstrations, old-fashioned melodramas, medicine shows, and the mustering of the militia among its activities. For details write Yankee Peddler Festival, P.O. Box 07150, Cleveland, Ohio 44107.

The **Charles M. Russell library** of Robert D. Warden of Great Falls, Montana, has been acquired by the **University of Nebraska's library for their Center of Great Plains Study.** Collected over twenty-five years, Warden's Russell library numbers over seven thousand items and is the largest in private hands.

FROM "ARCHITECTURE OF THE ARKANSAS OZARKS"

The **Ozark Folk Center** in **Mountain View, Arkansas** 72506, was established in 1973 to preserve and share the folklife and culture of the Ozark Mountain region. Through a senior citizens project, over-sixty-five residents of Stone County who are descendants of original settlers, act as lecturer-storyteller-guides at the Center, talking with visitors about subjects ranging from water witching and wart cures to folk medicine and fishing.

Under director William McNeil, a folklorist formerly with the Smithsonian, the Center has developed a library with over two thousand volumes on Ozark customs, music, and crafts, as well as a collection of some seven hundred fifty records and reel-to-reel tapes of southern mountain music. Other Center activities include a Folk Arts in the Schools program, traditional music classes, and short summer courses in woodworking, weaving, pottery, Ozark history, and wild foods.

The Oral History Association will hold its thirteenth annual **National Workshop and Colloquium** on October 19–22 in **Savannah, Georgia.**

The **Palace of the Governors** at **Santa Fe, New Mexico,** the oldest (1610) public building still in continuous use in the United States, will inaugurate two new exhibits this fall. **"New Mexico Victoriana"** features nineteenth-century home furnishings including a traveling chest and chair owned by Santa Fe's famed archbishop Jean B. Lamy. The second exhibit, **"New Mexico Portraits,"** is a display of portraits taken between 1870 and 1920 by photographers like T. Harmon Parkhurst, Ben Wittick, and J. C. Burge.

"The American Farm," an outstanding photographic exhibition which chronicles the history of American agriculture, will be on display at the **San Jose (California) Museum of Art,** September 1–30.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation has signed a one-year purchase option on **Tor House,** major twentieth-century poet **Robinson Jeffers's massive stone house** on the rugged California coast at **Carmel.** The Trust hopes the option will give a local preservation group, the Tor House Foundation, time to raise funds to acquire the home, which Jeffers built largely with his own hands, and where he wrote much of his poetry. Contributions may be sent to the Tor House Foundation, P.O. Box 1887, Carmel, California 93921. Checks should be made out to the National Trust for Historic Preservation–Tor House Fund.

The little-known **Welsh coal miners of Contra Costa County, California,** are the subject of a new exhibit at the **Oakland Museum.** Continuing from September 16 through December 10, the display focuses on the men who worked such mines as the Black Diamond during the nineteenth century.

Also in **Oakland,** the Black Cowboy Association will sponsor its fourth annual **Black Cowboy Parade** on October 21, to be followed by a **rodeo** in Hayward later on the same day.

The **Georgetown Loop Historic Mining Area,** a frontier mining and milling restoration, was dedicated July 14 by the **Colorado Historical Society.** The project began in the late 1950s when the society chose the Clear Creek valley region between Georgetown and Silver Plume, where mining flourished in the 1890s, as an ideal spot to interpret Colorado mining and railroading history. To date, the Georgetown Loop railroad, the Lebanon Mine, the crushing mill, the change room, the office, a blacksmith shop, and the mine shed have all been restored. Visitors to the Mining Area may ride the narrow-gauge Georgetown Loop railroad (which runs daily between Memorial Day and September 30) and tour the Lebanon Mine complex.

The **Mountain Home, Arkansas,** annual **fall craft fair** will be held on the Baxter County Courthouse Square during the second weekend in October, when Ozark fall foliage is at its peak. The fair features handwork and specialties made by local artisans, including the region's renowned corncob jelly. AW

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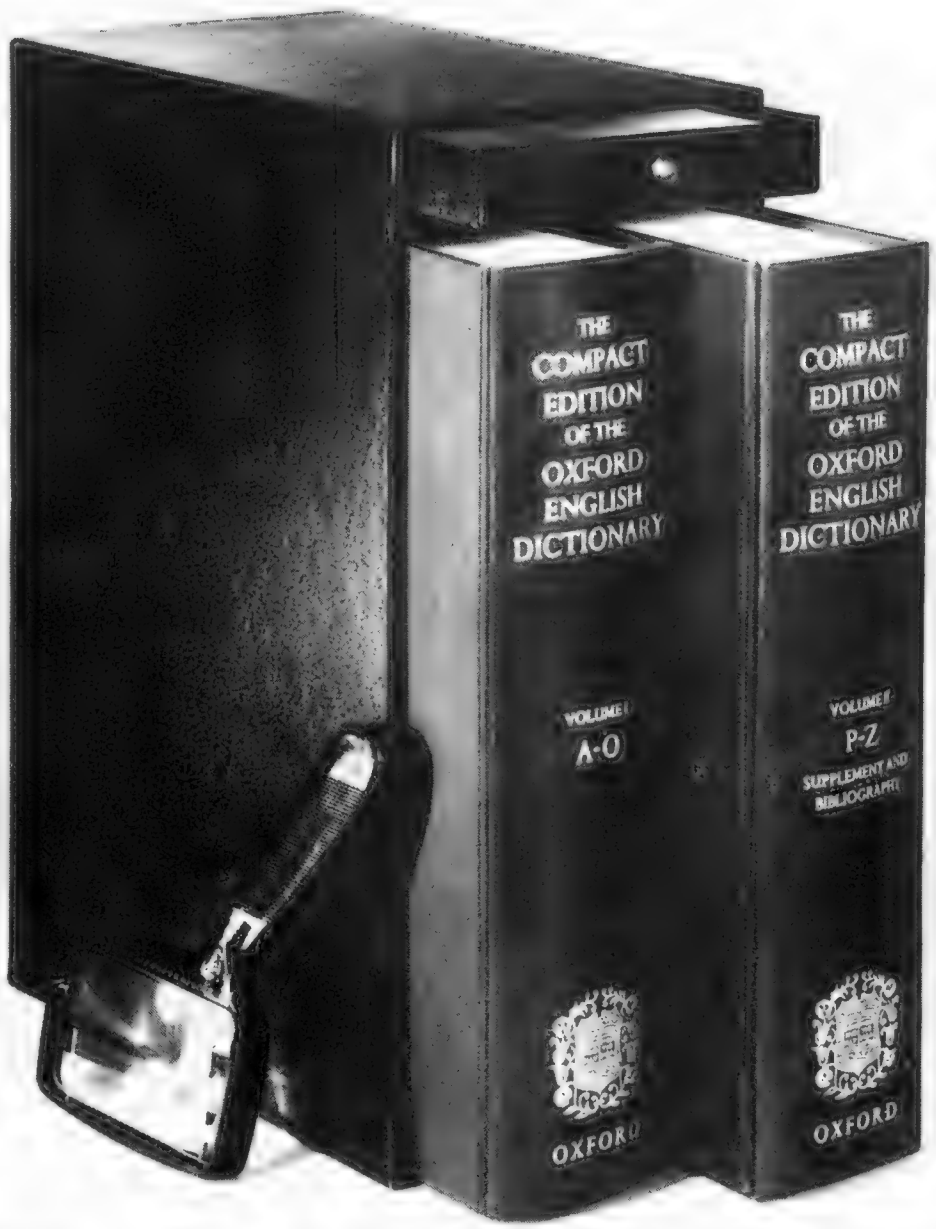

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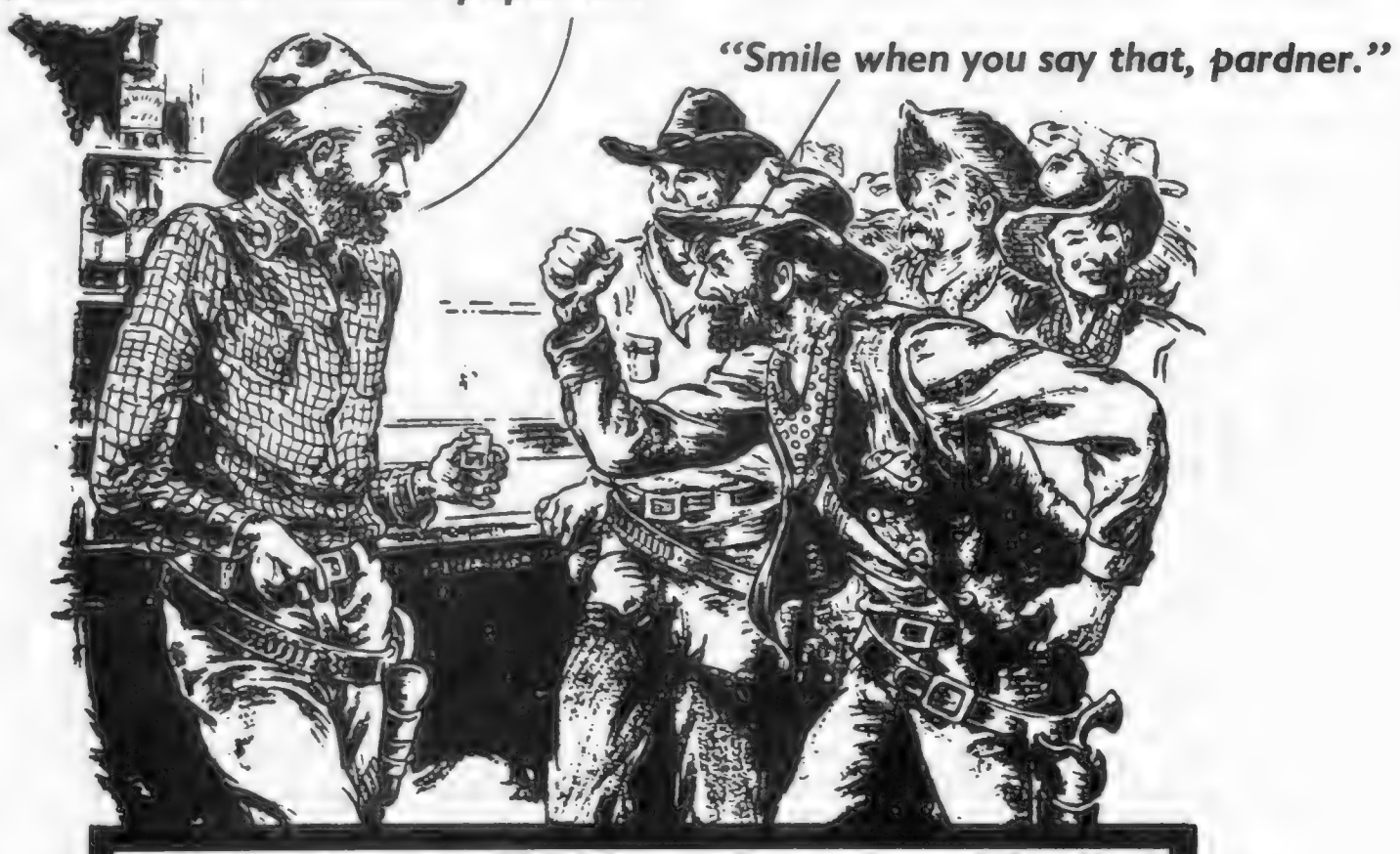
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The Last Cowboy

REVIEWED BY JOE B. FRANTZ

A COUPLE of seasons ago, silver-haired (and silver-voiced and silver pocketed, according to the country-western pundits) Charlie Rich filled the radio waves and all attuned ear drums with his warmly lugubrious rendition of "My Elusive Dream," a wearying account of a good woman who followed her man from one end of the country to the other as he sought vainly to find his rainbow. His was a sad tale, built on her faith and frustration as compounded by his successive failures.

The Last Cowboy by Jane Kramer *(Harper & Row, New York, 1977; 148 pp., intro., $8.95).*

Now here comes the same story, as true and warm and loving, and also one that leads nowhere. It guts the reader's heart.

Jane Kramer, a gifted writer with no apparent western credentials beyond New York's Tenth Avenue, if even that far toward the setting sun, returned to the United States from years abroad determined to find the nation's character. What *is* the United States, she wondered. Who *are* its people? Are they two hundred million overfed selfish oafs, or do they stand for something? If they have character, what common thread ties that character together?

Like most of the remainder of us, Kramer has been fed on the myth that the cowboy is the ultimate American. Because she had friends there, she chose to prospect for him in the Texas Panhandle instead of Wyoming or Montana or somewhere else west of the ninety-eighth meridian. Armed with a six-year-old daughter and a notebook, she determined to find the one cowboy who would express America to her.

Instead she found Henry Blanton up near the Canadian River where the north plains of Texas fuse into the dreary flats of far-western Oklahoma. Where a tree, any tree, is a landmark. Where rain is an event. Where on a clear day you can see

forever, because nothing breaks the monotonous skyline.

Henry Blanton was turning forty, was unremarkable, but somehow became the protagonist of a book that I suspect will endure and will activate hordes of the sociologists who always multiply after a literary cloudburst, whether it be *Peyton Place* or Larry McMurtry's *Last Picture Show*. Once Blanton's grandfather had owned six sections of Panhandle land—that is, he and a creditor owned it until drought and the post-World War I farm slump had determined that no land would be passed on in the Blanton family.

So Henry Blanton represents the unexciting life of a modern professional cowboy who knows his trade, who will inherit nothing, and who is going to muddle through life with nothing to pass on to his children. He is everyman, almost tasting his elusive dream but never quite able to grasp it. A life of quiet frustration, as they say in soap operas. Though Blanton had done nothing to stand apart, somehow he became the one cowboy to get under Jane Kramer's skin—a high school football hero who spent two years in college on an athletic scholarship, and dropped out to marry his pompom-twirling high school sweetheart and to become the best cowboy he knew how to be.

Henry Blanton was a good cowboy who knew how to work and how to command respect, and when Kramer met him, he was managing a ninety-thousand-acre ranch—for another man. But he was middle-aged, and he knew that he would never rise above managing someone else's cows, that all life held for him was an occasional memorable drinking bout in some roadhouse and an even more occasional barroom fight to augment the folklore of an otherwise dull existence. While he didn't want to shame his wife and young daughters, what else was left for a man to do to express himself? For once in a while, he had to face up to the fact that he had put his dream behind him. And facing that fact hurt and called for a drink. And then another.

But though Henry Blanton might let down his family now and then, he never let down his cattle. Cowboying was all he had ever wanted to do for a living, and at that trade he was a professional. But always came the nagging reminder: they're someone else's cows.

This book has the makings of a small classic, a dangerous prediction, I know. But I am writing this review several days after I read the book, and Henry Blanton won't go away. And I have just returned to my office after three days on another Texas spread of eighty thousand acres. Everywhere I visited these past three days, I saw Henry Blanton. And driving the one hundred and fifty miles back home, I felt Henry Blanton riding quietly but grimly alongside.

My guess is that Henry Blanton will continue to ride with me, and with others, and that a cosmopolitan woman seeking a myth in a cattle country and West of which she knew nothing will one day be acknowledged to have written an account that for integrity and substance will ride alongside Andy Adams's *Log of a Cowboy*. Certainly it will read a whale of a lot quicker.

Henry Blanton probably won't make his mark as a rancher, but as a literary symbol look for him to be around for a long while. AW

Joe B. Frantz *is Walter Prescott Webb Professor of History and Ideas at the University of Texas at Austin.*

RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

Cow Country Legacies by Agnes Wright Spring *(The Lowell Press, Kansas City, Missouri, 1976; 123 pp., illus., intro., $8.95).*

In this small book, Agnes Wright Spring, who grew up on a Wyoming ranch near the turn of the century, describes the grace and culture that was a little-publicized part of life on the frontier between 1865–1890. In surveying the art, literature, music, churches, and schools of an era known mainly for its rawness, she recounts such gently civilizing acts as the planting of a lilac bush on a remote ranch and the purchase of a grand piano with money from the sale of ten buffalo.

Desert Journal: A Naturalist Reflects on Arid California by Raymond B. Cowles with Elna S. Bakker *(University of California, Berkeley, 1977; 278 pp., illus., index, $10.95).*

A naturalist's view can add new perspective on the history of the American West. In *Desert Journal,* Raymond Cowles shares his reflections on California's desert regions, illuminating the diverse flora and fauna that survive in that rugged environment.

A Clash of Cultures: Fort Bowie and the Chiricahua Apaches by Robert M. Utley *(National Park Service, Washington, D.C., 1977; available from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; 88 pp., illus., maps, biblio., $2.30 paper).*

In this interesting pamphlet, historian Robert Utley recounts the tragic story of the Chiricahua Apaches, who struggled to defend their way of life and their territory—the Apache Pass area of southeastern Arizona—against Spanish, Mexican, and Anglo-American intruders.

William Clark: Jeffersonian Man on the Frontier by Jerome O. Steffen *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 196 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $8.95).*

In this biographical study, Jerome O. Steffen paints an ironic portrait of an explorer turned statesman, for as governor of the Missouri Territory, William Clark, shaped by Jeffersonian ideals, found himself constantly at odds with the Jacksonian-era settlers. This is an account of contrast and conflict not usually found in history texts.

FROM "DODGE CITY, THE MOST WESTERN TOWN OF ALL"

Dodge City: The Most Western Town of All by Odie B. Faulk *(Oxford University, New York, 1977; 227 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $9.95).*

Historian Odie B. Faulk gives an accurate account of the famous rough and tumble cowboy mecca, Dodge City. Although he shows us the gamblers, saloon keepers, gunfighters, and "prairie nymphs" immortalized by television and movies today, he also explodes myths along the way, and tells how Dodge changed from a wide-open town at the end of a cattle trail to a stable Kansas community.

Knifemakers of Old San Francisco by Bernard R. Levine *(Badger Books, Post Office Box 40336, San Francisco 94140, 1978; 160 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.95).*

The knifemakers of old San Francisco made "the most exotic, the most costly, and perhaps the most beautiful knives ever produced in the United States," asserts the author of this attractively illustrated and thoroughly researched volume. Though the subject is cutlery, the gracefully written text reveals almost as much about life in early San Francisco as it does about knives.

Art Deco Los Angeles by Ave Pildas *(Harper & Row, New York, 1977; 64 pp., illus., $4.95 paper).*

In this stylish small book, the artist's camera lens focuses on the flamboyant art deco architecture of Los Angeles in the twenties and thirties. Ave Pildas wisely allows her crisp color photographs of fountains, gates, and sculpture to speak for themselves.

Canyon de Chelly: Its People and Rock Art by Campbell Grant *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1978; 290 pp., illus., maps and figures, appen., biblio., index, $5.95 paper, $19.50 cloth).*

Rock-art authority Campbell Grant has written a definitive book about beautiful Canyon de Chelly in northeastern Arizona. He describes the canyon, its Anasazi and Navajo history, the explorers who have visited it, and its rock art.

The Northwest Mosaic: Minority Conflicts in Pacific Northwest History edited by James R. Halseth and Bruce A. Glasrud *(Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1977; 301 pp., notes, biblio., index, $6.00 paper).*

This interesting and wide-ranging collection of eighteen essays begins with an article on traditional Northwest Indian culture and ends with an account of the recent Lummi Indian struggle to establish an aquafarm. The essays in between cover most groups (including women) that have experienced discrimination in the Pacific Northwest.

Witching for Water, Oil, Pipes, and Precious Minerals by Walker D. Wyman *(University of Wisconsin, River Falls, 1977; 98 pp., illus., notes, $7.50 cloth, $5.25 paper).*

For twenty years history Professor Walker D. Wyman has been interested in witching—the art of detecting water, oil, or gold with a forked stick or rod. In this short study, Wyman traces the practice back to ancient times, recounts its use during the frontier period, and gives examples of witching today.

Memoirs of a Pioneering Forester in the West, an interview with Robie M. Evans conducted by Elwood R. Maunder *(Forest History Society, Santa Cruz, California, 1977; 48 pp., illus., intro., biblio., index, $26.50).*

Robie M. Evans was a young Greek teacher in New Hampshire when, in 1908, he decided to become a forester. Two years later, armed with a master's degree in forestry from Yale, he was assigned to the Pacific Northwest. Evans's account of his nearly forty years in the Forest Service is one of a series of interviews with former forestry personnel being issued by the Forest History Society. AW

REVIEWS

Coming into the Country by John McPhee *(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1977; 446 pp., map, $10.95).*

The Last Grand Adventure: The Story of the Klondike Gold Rush & the Opening of Alaska by William Bronson with Richard Reinhardt *(McGraw-Hill, New York, 1977; 240 pp., illus., index, acknow., $24.95).*

REVIEWED BY TED C. HINCKLEY

COMING INTO THE COUNTRY may well be the best current volume on America's controversial "last frontier." These provocative reflections by writer John McPhee first appeared in the *New Yorker*. Predictably they aroused growls and laughter from Ketchikan to Point Barrow. Author of a dozen well-received books, in truth one of today's most graceful writers, McPhee previously revealed his affection for Mother Nature in *The Survival of the Bark Canoe*, while *The Headmaster*, a biography of Deerfield's memorable Frank L. Boyden, movingly reaffirmed McPhee's confidence in our species. Eschewing nostalgia, the author has now pointed his pen north to that embattled ecosystem, Alaska.

Coming into the Country is not a scholarly study; not even an index is included. Nevertheless, twenty-first century scholars trying to reason through our age's conservation versus development polemics will appreciate McPhee's even-handed, on-the-scene reporting.

Readers come "into the country" from three points. Book I, "America's Ultimate Wilderness," explores the Brooks Range southwest into Kobuck River country via canoe and kayak. Book II, aptly titled "What They Were Hunting For," is a wonderfully entertaining review of Alaskans' tug-of-war over where to locate their projected new capital. Historical flashbacks to capital-site contests in such states as Illinois, Indiana, and California enliven McPhee's description of the struggle. Book III, well over half the volume, carries us from the eastern slope of the Brooks Range across and then up the remote Yukon River Valley southward into Canada's Yukon Territory.

McPhee believes that the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act "changed forever the status and much of the structure of native societies." He sees that 1971 legislation as "like a jewel cutter's chisel cleaving a rough diamond," affecting the "wholesale division, subdivision, patenting, parcelling, and deeding out of physiographic Alaska."

Be not mistaken, Alaska's Natives do count. Some sixty thousand out of a total population of four hundred thousand, they view with genuine apprehension those promoting an Alaskan Brasilia in which tax dollars vital to elementary Native needs would be pumped into a wasteful duplication of Juneau. ("Bulchitna" is their sobriquet for the redundant new capital.) "Alaskans don't see the value of order," comments one civic leader, "don't see the value of looking into the future." It all sounds so western. Or is it 1970s America in a colder cast? "Almost all Americans would recognize Anchorage, because Anchorage is that part of any city where the city has burst its seams and extruded Colonel Sanders."

Nor is this appetite for the good life singular to Alaska's Gulf metropolis. "Fairbanks has more motor vehicles per capita than does Los Angeles," while Kotzebue's Arctic Eskimos race sparkling new Honda motorcycles along their few miles of roadway. Snowmobiles, Winnebagoes, Evinrude-driven boats, caterpillar tractors, and chain saws are ubiquitous —each roaring the unreality of pioneer self-sufficiency. The assertion of one National Park planner haunts McPhee. "We must protect it, even if artificially. The day will come when people will want to visit such a wilderness—saving everything they have in order to see it, at whatever cost."

While *Coming into the Country* focuses on present-day Alaska, William Bronson's new book depicts the Alaska of more than seventy-five years ago, when the Klondike gold rush lured one hundred thousand people north to seek their fortune.

When Bill Bronson died two years ago, hundreds of westerners mourned the loss of a gifted writer and companion. How fitting that his final work, so expertly completed by Marilyn Bronson and Richard Reinhardt, carries the title *The Last Grand Adventure*. Bill Bronson frequently observed that "all writing is too hard." Little wonder, for he made it hard by his cruel insistence on achieving a near perfect harmony between historical fact and literary flow.

In the 1950s, Alaska enthusiasts opined that Pierre Berton's *The Klondike Fever* "has finished the Klondike for our gen-

Continued on page 54

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eration." Now, nearly twenty-five years later, Bronson deserves no less a distinction. Furthermore, he has wisely coupled the rush to Dawson with the Nome stampede and poured in an extraordinary collection of photos to document the two famous mining booms. Black-and-white reproductions almost invariably suffer a foggy quality; not these. The hundreds of pictures included here are astonishingly clear, many are fresh, each is appropriate to Bronson's copy.

"All writing *is* too hard," but thanks to craftsmen like Bronson and McPhee, readers know it can also be immensely rewarding. AW

Ted C. Hinckley *is a professor of history at San Jose State University and author of* The Americanization of Alaska, 1867–1897.

Magnificent Derelicts: A Celebration of Older Buildings by Ronald Woodall *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1977 (published in Canada by J. J. Douglas, Ltd., Vancouver, 1975); 152 pp., intro., illus., index, $29.95).*

Taken By the Wind: Vanishing Architecture of the West by Ronald Woodall and T. H. Watkins *(New York Graphic Society and Little, Brown, Boston, 1977; 436 pp., illus., index, $29.95).*

REVIEWED BY SARAH ANNE HUGHES

TWO BOOKS on the same subject with a common creator might be expected to be repetitive. Although both books are concerned with old buildings in western North America, they display different approaches and are complementary.

Magnificent Derelicts, centered on the paintings of Ronald Woodall, is a personal account of the artist's love for the disappearing buildings of the West. The book contains over seventy paintings, mostly from locations in Canada, each accompanied by a concise text. Old buildings generate good tales, and Woodall relates these often melancholy stories while describing his discovery of each landmark and its subsequent fate.

As an artist Woodall has a fine eye for composition and color, but his technique of removing the building from its landscape and recreating a new one tends to reduce the individuality of the building. By the end of the book they are beginning to look alike. This technique does serve to emphasize their desolation, however.

No such tricks can be played in *Taken By the Wind,* a full-color photographic account of similarly vanishing architecture. This book presents a greater variety

PHOTOGRAPH BY RONALD WOODALL FROM *TAKEN BY THE WIND*

of buildings located over a wider area and conveniently groups them by topics, such as railroads, towns, and churches. Some photographs are small and a few rather dark, but these are compensated for by the many excellent full- and half-page reproductions. Besides shots of complete buildings, details of architecture are included. One section records old gasoline pumps, another farm machinery. The text by T. H. Watkins provides the necessary broad historical background for the photographs. Always entertaining, it recreates the lifestyles of the people who built the structures. AW

Sarah Anne Hughes, *a museum specialist living in Portland, Oregon, attributes her interest in old buildings to her childhood among the castles and cottages of southwest England.*

Great North American Indians: Profiles in Life and Leadership by Frederick J. Dockstader *(Van Nostrand Reinhold, New York, 1977; 398 pp., intro., illus., biblio., appen., index of names, $16.95).*

REVIEWED BY DEE BROWN

IN THE CONTINUING procession of books about American Indians, not often does one come along that is a genuine contribution to the literature. Within this rare category we must place Frederick Dockstader's *Great North American Indians,* a book that has long been needed by everyone who has any interest in America's Indian leaders and their impact upon our common history.

Heretofore, when one required information about a famous Indian who had no full-length biography, the major sources were McKenney and Hall's *History of the Indian Tribes of North America* and the Bureau of American Ethnology's *Handbook of American Indians,* the first published more than a century ago and the latter between 1907 and 1910. Although occasional collective biographies have been published in recent years, they were generally written for juvenile readers and derived mainly from the above sources.

Over the past fifty years, research has turned up much new material such as clarification of spellings and identities, birth and death dates, tribal connections, and other useful information. Also in the past fifty years, many more Indians have risen to prominence, especially in the arts, and they appear here as a welcome balance to the usually predominating warrior chiefs.

Dockstader has limited his 300 choices to Indians who are dead, leaving the passage of time to determine which living leaders will attain sufficient fame to be included in some later edition of what will surely become a permanent reference source. One may find in this volume, for instance, Ella Deloria but not Vine Jr., and Lone Wolf, the foster father of Mamaday, but not Scott Momaday, the Pulitzer prize-winning author.

Each biography is accompanied by a portrait, unless none exists. Numerous illustrations of contemporary tools, weapons, art, and other objects are scattered through the pages. An index of names mentioned in the text, including variations of names; a table of tribal listings; and a chronology all add to the book's usefulness.

Although there may be some questioning of the omission or inclusion of certain names, this is a book that has been needed for a long, long time. It will be much used in libraries both personal and public. AW

Dee Brown *is the author of the recent* Hear That Lonesome Whistle Blow *as well as* Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee *and other books of western history.*

American Indian Policy in Crisis: Christian Reformers and the Indian, 1865–1900 by Francis Paul Prucha *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1976; 468 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY DAVID M. BRUGGE

STUDENTS OF the histories of individual tribes often find federal policy as applied to their subjects as confusing as it was to the Indians. In *American Indian Policy in Crisis,* Francis Prucha supplies a coherent account of the intellectual trends that molded that policy during the period when the Indian wars came to an end and solutions were sought to the problem of what to do with the conquered people.

The various issues are discussed in separate chapters, but all are viewed as they related to the basic philosophy of the reformers: Indians should be rapidly assimilated into the population of the English-speaking Protestant majority. Within about a generation the reformers had seen essentially all of their program adopted, a goal achieved by well-organized political efforts and spurred on by crises in Indian affairs. Implementation of the policies followed less smoothly, for Congress was more ready to approve enlightened bills than it was to pay for them. The programs instituted have, however, continued to influence Indian policy.

Prucha demonstrates that even if the idealists' aspirations had been matched perfectly by actions on the part of the government, their efforts were doomed to fall short. Knowledge of anthropology was limited even in academia. What expertise was available was poorly utilized for it conflicted with the ideological premises of Protestant Americanism. Not only were the Indian cultures stronger than recognized by the reformers, but Anglo-American culture fell short of the idyllic society they envisioned. The story is one of how a road was poorly paved with good intentions.

The book's major weakness is a skimpy index. Readers who want to make reference use of the material will do well to keep notes. Prucha describes the forces that established policy in the nation's capital, but in particular it is the history of its creative application that his study elucidates. **AW**

David M. Brugge, *whose field is Navajo ethnohistory, is anthropologist/curator for the National Park Service's Southwest Regional Office in Santa Fe.*

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Wilderness Calling: The Hardeman Family in the American Westward Movement, 1750–1900 by Nicholas Perkins Hardeman *(University of Tennessee, Knoxville, 1977; 372 pp., illus., maps, charts, biblio., notes, index, $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY JOSEPH R. CONLIN

PROFESSOR HARDEMAN of Long Beach State University has studied his paternal ancestors and written a "Forsyte Saga" of the American frontier. The tale may not be stranger than fiction. But it is every bit as exciting and engrossing as a good Western and without benefit of imaginative embellishment. The author does not tar or debunk his westering forbears. But he does chart their foibles and failures as well as their considerable accomplishments. He knows his craft. He insists that the book not be taken merely as a genealogy. He places four generations of Hardemans in their historical context, and in a thoughtful if not always persuasive final chapter, he rereads in terms of his ancestors' experiences, the Turner theory, criticisms of it, and other generalizations about the West or, as Professor Hardeman prefers, the *sertao* or "outback" or "settled frontier."

This is a fine book. It was possible because the Hardemans were "document writers and savers generation after generation" as well as, so it seems, on the scene of practically every signal event in the history of the westward movement.

The family's founder was Thomas H. Hardeman (1750–1833), born in Virginia and a tireless explorer and developer in North Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Missouri. Thomas Hardeman knew and was sometimes closely associated with Daniel Boone, John Sevier, Thomas Hart Benton, and Andrew Jackson. He prospered in children as well as in land, slaves, and money. He taught his thirteen offspring to "never embarrass the family" and "help the honest and industrious kin," but conveyed as well a compulsive yen for striking out to whatever new country promised both adventure and opportunity.

Thomas Hardeman's descendants were with Jackson at New Orleans. They were on the Santa Fé Trail before it was fairly blazed. William Polk Hardeman only missed being killed at the Alamo because he could not break through the besieging Mexican army on the very eve of the final battle.

Hardemans fought in the Mexican War. They pioneered in Oregon. Peter H. Burnett, Oregon trailblazer and promoter and first elected governor of California, was Thomas Hardeman's grandson through daughter Dorothy. They were in the gold rush; with the Black "Buffalo Soldiers" of the Tenth Cavalry; on the scene of the Ghost Dance agitation. Other Hardemans found their "West" abroad, in Brazil, Cuba, and the Philippines.

They were mostly prosperous, at least those who left traces of their lives in the sixty pounds of papers with which the author began this book. Although rarely far behind the line of settlement, the family included merchants, millers, distillers, hostelers, military officers, promoters, ferry-boat operators, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, an editor, and a judge rather than trappers and range roustabouts.

Observing this, Professor Hardeman inclines to discount explanations of westering which dwell on economic pressures. Instead, he emphasizes family tradition and ideals transmitted within the bloodline—the hearthside tale-telling which he himself experienced as a boy in Missouri. While he may well be correct on both counts—and surely his implied call for more "family studies" of the westward movement can be seconded—Professor Hardeman's concluding generalizations are not what make his book so valuable.

The book will endure because a rare deposit of sources has been arranged by a skillful and learned historian into an excellent narrative. *Wilderness Calling* would be a classic of its kind even if many more of its kind were possible. Alas, while there may have been families as large and as constantly on the move as the Hardemans, there will be few who have bequeathed the rich inheritance a historian descendant will use so well as has been done in this volume. AW

Joseph R. Conlin, *professor of history at California State University, Chico, specializes in social history. He is the biographer of William ("Big Bill") Haywood.*

The Way West: Art of Frontier America by Peter Hassrick *(Harry N. Abrams, New York, 1977; 240 pp., intro., illus., index, $30.00).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM GARDNER BELL

FROM Samuel Seymour's "striking visual account" of the "initial interaction between East and West" as represented in his 1820 Long-expedition Indian-encampment watercolor, through Thomas Hart Benton's 1932 mural detail

"A DASH FOR THE TIMBER" BY FREDERIC REMINGTON FROM "THE WAY WEST" COLLECTION OF THE AMON CARTER MUSEUM, FORT WORTH

of attenuated "grassroots" figures "emanating from the environment," this large-format book suggests a survey course in western art. Within its ample dimensions are 233 illustrations, over a hundred of them in color. From James William Abert to Newell Convers Wyeth (Rufus Zogbaum's absence frustrates an *a* to *z* sweep), the art of the famous and the obscure is brought into play to portray the development of the American West; paintings, drawings, and sculpture are employed "as pictorial analogue to history."

In his introduction, Peter Hassrick explores the relationship of American to European art and of western to American art. In full-color facing foldouts he uses two of Frederic Remington's masterpieces—*A Dash for Timber* and *Sign of Friendship*—to illustrate stylistic diversity and to confirm that western art "cannot be considered as a genre separate from the mainstream of American art, even within the confines of one painter's work." The eight sections that follow deal with exploration, early artists, the cross-country thrust, natural grandeur, developing civilization, the rise of nostalgia, the frontier's passing, and the West's continuing influence upon art in post-frontier times.

Hassrick provides a learned commentary salted with judicious quotation from contemporary sources to accompany his choice selections of western art. His book is more successful than others of similar vein because of its impressive diversity of art works and because Hassrick, though director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center at Cody, Wyoming, has shunned any temptation to base his book upon the holdings of a single institution. He has ranged far and wide for his graphics, delving into gallery, museum, library, and private collections around this country and in England and Canada as well. The result is a book whose substance and beauty will secure its standing in the literature of the times. **AW**

William Gardner Bell *of the U.S. Army Center of Military History collects and occasionally writes about the art of the American West.*

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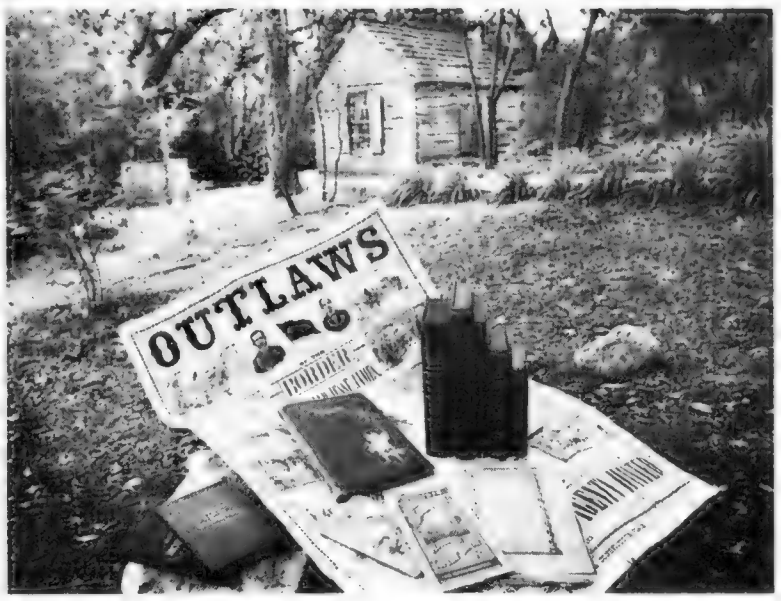

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Westerners

(Continued from page 33)

tions, particularly after 1969 when it was renamed Westerners International and transferred to Tucson. Since that time it has arranged an annual Westerners Breakfast at meetings of the Western History Association, awarded yearly prizes for the best books and articles published by Westerners, published a *Buckskin Bulletin* distributed to the membership, registered new corrals, and above all held out a helping hand to newcomers eager to establish their own branches. True to western tradition, it had not retained the slightest control over the corrals it helps through their birth pangs, cutting the umbilical cord at once and sending them on their way to prosper or decline as fate decrees.

Most have prospered. To the thirteen that existed when Westerners International was formed, sixty-seven more have been added, until today eighty corrals blanket the world. Most are in the United States, but six thrive in Germany, three in Mexico, two in Norway, one in Sweden, one in Denmark, one in England, and one in Japan. The language of the Westerners may be French or German or Japanese or English, but they share a common bond that transcends international boundaries: their unabashed love of frontier America and its heritage.

They share, too, a dislike for stuffed-shirtism, over-seriousness, shiftless thinking, and above all ignorance. Westerners' meetings are designed to be enjoyed, but they make no compromise with inaccuracy as the members unleash their questions and criticisms on the evening's speaker. Woe unto the victim if he has not prepared his subject properly or has been guilty of a slip of the tongue. Most Westerners know a great deal about the segment of the past that interests them particularly, but rare is the speaker at a corral meeting who does not find one or two others who know as much as he does. They are there, ready to pounce at the slightest slip.

The annals of every corral record instances of triumphs by such inquisitors. On one occasion, the speaker at a Los Angeles meeting for an hour advanced hypothesis after hypothesis to explain a row of stakes across the Mojave Desert, only to have a fellow member demolish his theories by citing evidence that they marked the initial survey of an unbuilt railroad. Another time, an expert on the Mexican War stated that a messenger had brought $40,000 in bribe money to Colonel Stephen W. Kearny at Santa Fe in the form of double eagles carried in his saddle bags; after scribbling rapidly on a napkin one of his hearers pointed out that the double eagle was not minted until 1849 and that $40,000 in single eagles would have weighed 147½ pounds and could not have been carried in saddle bags. Nit-picking, perhaps, but the goal of true Westerners is the goal of all western historians worthy of the name: the accurate re-creation of the frontier past.

In this they have succeeded remarkably. At first professional historians, sanctified by their doctoral degrees, were inclined to look down their long noses at these untrained amateurs, but they have learned better. Westerners played an essential role in the creation of the Western History Association, where today buffs and professors mingle as equals and respect each other. Articles published by Westerners in their brand books are cited as unimpeachable authorities in the footnotes of the most learned volumes. Westerners are producing solid books about the frontier that are admired and used by the most meticulous scholars in the professional world. Nor have these been the monopoly of American buffs. A British amateur historian, Joseph G. Rosa, has written such widely acclaimed works as *They Called Him Wild Bill: The Life and Adventures of James Butler Hickok,* and *The Gunfighter: Man or Myth*—books that could not have been written, their author agrees, without the help of his fellow Westerners.

As the Westerners approach their fortieth birthday, their success demonstrates that they fill a long-felt need. As an early declaration of the Denver Posse put it: "Every once in a while an organization seems to arise out of sheer need for a medium whereby men of common interest can gather and exchange ideas and experiences." The Westerners meet that need, and so long as the frontier heritage of the United States—in fact or in legend—continues to stir the blood of men and women throughout the world, they will continue to offer delight and learning to those who treasure that heritage and recognize its role in shaping the American experience. AW

Ray Allen Billington *has been professor of history at Clark University, Smith College, and Northwestern University. He joined the Chicago Corral of the Westerners in 1945 and since 1963, when he moved to California to become senior research associate of the Henry E. Huntington Library, has been a member of the Los Angeles Corral.*

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Arkansas

(Continued from page 9)

establish order in the Indian Territory, quietening the western border of Arkansas and preparing Oklahoma for the statehood that came just eleven years after his court ceased to exist.

The trauma of Reconstruction ended in Arkansas, even before the smelly Hayes/Tilden election, with a literal bang. The top political leadership came apart in 1874 and turned on itself, resulting in two factions contending for the governorship. One faction forcibly ousted the other from the gubernatorial office, bringing on the Minstrels and Brindle-Tail War. Soon comic opera armies paraded the streets of Little Rock, gunboats plied the Arkansas River, and even cannon, including one huge derelict unspiked for the occasion and hauled up from the riverbank, pointed both at and out from the Capitol. A month passed while federal troops interposed their bodies between the two sides and before Grant finally issued a proclamation that settled the matter. This set the stage for the departure of the Republicans from the Arkansas statehouse. So deeply did the people resent the intrusion of Reconstruction that they did not elect another person of that persuasion to sit in their governor's chair for almost a century.

The state spent the last two decades of the nineteenth century in recovering itself. The railroads, finally forced to relinquish some of their greedy methods, injected adrenalin into the economy. The lowland planters returned to cotton, this time with sharecroppers instead of slaves, and added rice to their planting. The pine forests of the lower portions of the state brought the budding of a timber industry. Only in the hill country, that wide band of mountains and valleys stretching across the northern reaches, was there retrenchment. Due to the independent nature of the people, their dependence on limited crops of uncertain yield, and the residue of anarchy that existed there as late as the 1890s, they became seclusive. They seemed strange and different, and soon the outside world, nervously poking fun at what could not be understood, produced the myth of the hillbilly, behind which still hides a strong, independent, and fresh folk culture.

WITH MORE THAN ITS SHARE of colorful demagogues as leaders, Arkansas and its people have moved through this century with growing confidence and affluence. World War I found some of the state's sons dying on foreign soil, but those who returned did so with an expanded world view. The prosperity of the twenties, coupled with the conservative reaction of that period, created a climate of moral and intellectual contradiction in the state. With swank and "sin-ridden" Hot Springs, de Soto's old watering hole, as one polarity, and with thousands of trumpet-voiced preachers the other, the state moved into the Great Depression struggling with issues of patriotism, drink, and Darwinism. The early 1930s created economic conditions reminiscent of the black days of the late 1860s, but Roosevelt's magnetism charmed the people and gave them the hope so seriously lacking during the post–Civil War period, and they rallied around this reassuring figure, elevating him to semideity. In World War II, more fathers and sons, and now daughters, too, journeyed to faraway places with strange-sounding names, while the folks back home leaped by giant economic steps into the future. Bauxite and aluminum production, oil wells, timbered lands, sprawling electrical systems, and mammoth military complexes all pumped green blood into the state's economy.

During the fifties, one of the hill people turned demagogue captured the governor's mansion and, misapplying the antique doctrine of state's rights, defied the tenor of the times and the federal government. The outcome of this segregation spectacle, although painful to Arkansas rednecks, brought the state further into the mainstream of American life and thought. In the next decade, steamers returned to the muddy waters of the state's main river, and along with these came factories, huffing and puffing and belching smoke just like the boats used to do. Ribbons of white concrete climbed the hills and slashed across the valleys, bringing brash vehicles across the land with mile-hungry speed. Trains, once masters of transportation and rulers of empire, gave way to the lords of flight, silver and thunderous in their aerial majesty. The rodeo, imported from last century's Texas, became an escape to the past, proving that the West in Arkansas was alive and well, at least in the dreams of its people. And these, all dressed up and going, sang the magic chant of progress as the litany of their generation.

It is all still there, but somehow changing. The litany has taken on a boring, even sour sound, and the people have begun to control their impulses towards environmental suicide. A certain maturity in development seems to be emerging through the idea that people can live with the land without intent to rape. A fresh approach to government as the expression of collective will rather than the will to collect has surfaced. Guardianship of nonrenewable resources, such as history, has become respectable, and society has begun to benefit from this. The hill people, now less objects of ridicule and more a culture to emulate, have reached out for the hands of others and found this not unpleasant. A vitality of thought and imagination, born of the past and blooming in the present, is groping for solutions to energy and its uses. Just where all this will lead is as yet unclear, but the last twenty years of this century are likely to be exciting.

In the deep forest, when winter has dusted the land with light snow, can be heard the sound of the future, and for Arkansas and its continuing pageant in the forested West, that sound has an exuberant ring. **AW**

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Ridge Family

(Continued from page 31)

aroused whites rode through the Cherokee country, firing at houses and animals.

Irksome as were the activities of the Georgians, the deepest apprehensions of the Cherokee leaders were aroused by events in Washington. Early in 1830, Indian removal bills were presented in both houses of Congress, authorizing the president to exchange public lands in the West for the ancestral Indian lands in the East, to give perpetual title to the western lands, and to compensate the Indians for the improvements to their old lands. As might have been expected, the most ardent supporters of the bill were congressmen from the South. But during the debate in the Senate, the Cherokees had their defenders. Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey proclaimed that where the Indian always had been, he enjoyed the right to remain. And even if he chose to use the land for hunting, under what right might another take it for farming? "Do the obligations of justice change with the color of the skin?" he demanded.

The Senate passed the bill by a vote of 28 to 20, and it went to the House of Representatives. Here, Wilson Lumpkin of Georgia, shortly to become that state's governor, argued that "Georgia . . . entered the Union upon an equal footing with any of her sisters. . . . [O]ur State authorities claim entire and complete jurisdiction over soil and population, regardless of complexion. . . . The inhumanity of Georgia, so much complained of, is nothing more nor less than the extension of her laws and jurisdiction over this mingled and misguided population who are found within her acknowledged limits."

Edward Everett of Massachusetts pleaded the Cherokee cause. He pointed to broken treaties and dishonored commitments, and urged the House not to add to their number. "Here, at the center of the nation," he declared with heavy sarcasm, "beneath the portals of the Capitol, let us solemnly auspicate the new era of violated promises and tarnished faith. Let us kindle a grand council fire . . . of treaties annulled and broken. . . . They were negotiated for valuable considerations. We keep the considerations and break the bond. . . . Sir, they ought to be destroyed, as a warning to the Indians to make no more compacts with us."

Despite such statements the bill passed by a vote of 102 to 97 and was signed into law by President Jackson on May 28, 1830. It authorized the president "solemnly to assure the tribe or nation with which the exchange is made, that the United States will forever secure and guaranty to them, and their heirs or successors, the country so exchanged with them."

In despair, the Cherokees met at New Echota and addressed a memorial to Congress. "We wish to remain on the lands of our fathers," the document plaintively declared. "The treaties with us, and laws of the United States guaranty our residence and our privileges." If they were compelled to leave, the Cherokees insisted, they could predict nothing but ruin ahead. The inhabitants of those lands to the west were hostile and savage tribes who would look upon the peaceful and agricultural Cherokees as intruders.

The *Phoenix* expressed the desperation and despair of the nation. "If the United States should withdraw their solemn pledges or protection . . . , deprive us of the right of self-government, and wrest from us our land, then . . . we may justly say there is no place of security for us, no confidence left that the United States will be more just and faithful toward us in the barren prairies of the West than when we occupied the soil inherited from the Great Author of our existence."

On the Cherokee lands, law and order deteriorated as the enforcement of the Cherokee laws was declared a penitentiary offense by the state of Georgia. "Pony clubs" of Georgian ruffians felt free to raid Cherokee farms and steal horses and cattle. Cherokee families were evicted from their homes, and a few cases of murder were reported. Squatters were settling in the territory in anticipation of the Georgia survey and subsequent lottery that would parcel out lots among the drawers.

On December 29, 1830, the white missionaries in the Cherokee Nation gathered at New Echota and issued a resolution deploring Georgia's actions. The statement provoked an immediate response from the Georgia legislature. No white man could reside in Cherokee territory after March 1, 1831, without a license from the state. Violation of the law was a prison offense. A number of the missionaries made known their intentions to ignore the law, and on March 12, the Georgia authorities began to arrest the missionaries.

The arrests marked a significant milestone in the judicial history of the Cherokee dispute. Only a week earlier, in the case of *The Cherokee Nation* v. *Georgia,* the U.S. Supreme Court had expressed sympathy with the Cherokees but declined to interfere with Georgia's laws on the ground that the Indians were neither United States citizens nor citizens of a foreign country, and therefore had no legal standing in the Court.

The arrest of the missionaries, however, brought into the dispute individuals who were without doubt American citizens. Eleven of the missionaries were found guilty of violating Georgia law. Nine accepted a pardon from the governor, and applied for licenses. Two, Elizur Butler and Samuel A. Worcester, refused to accept pardons and appealed their convictions.

On March 3, 1832, U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice John Marshall delivered the decision in the case, concluding that "the Cherokee Nation . . . is a distinct community, occupying its own territory, with boundaries accurately described, in which the laws of Georgia can have no force, and which the citizens of Georgia have no right to enter, but with the assent of the Cherokees themselves." Georgia's Cherokee Code was declared "repugnant to the Constitution, treaties and laws of the United States."

John Ridge, who had left New York shortly after his

speech in Clinton Hall, learned of the decision in Boston; he called the news "glorious." Councils were called in all the towns of the Cherokee Nation, and Cherokees danced into the night. Indeed, some Cherokees who had already embarked for the western lands were persuaded to turn back in the hope that they would now receive federal protection.

Governor Lumpkin bluntly rejected the authority of the Court, and the state of Georgia went ahead with its plans for the lottery. The final blow for the Cherokees came when news arrived that Jackson had no intention of enforcing the decision. According to one source, the president said, "John Marshall has made his decision; let him enforce it now if he can." While the statement itself may be apocryphal, it fairly represented Jackson's position.

After a brief period of stunned disbelief, John Ridge requested an audience with the president. Here, he verified that he could expect no aid from that source. Jackson pleaded earnestly for Ridge to go home and advise his people that their only hope of relief lay in abandoning their country and moving west. It was at this point, apparently, that Ridge, for the first time, expressed his acquiescence, for Jackson wrote to General Coffee that Ridge "has expressed despair, and that it is better for them to treat and move."

Not only John Ridge but his father and a number of other Cherokee leaders became privately convinced of the futility of continued resistance. As the Cherokee supporters in Congress, one by one, advised the Indians to abandon their struggle, the reversal of position among the despairing chiefs became increasingly public.

Inevitably, division arose as the two positions crystallized. John Ross led the anti-emigration group, convinced that the Cherokees must remain on their lands even if they had to accept the laws of Georgia. Eventually, Ross petitioned the government to grant the Cherokees a portion of their own lands in fee simple, and to extend to them the rights and privileges of Georgia citizenship. Major Ridge, his son John, Elias Boudinot, and a number of chiefs were convinced that such a course meant national suicide. To the Ridge faction, emigration was the only course that would preserve the integrity and identity of the Cherokee Nation.

Even as the debate grew increasingly acrimonious, the great wheels of the Georgia lottery began to turn. The plot containing John Ridge's home was won by a Georgian named Griffith Mathis; Major Ridge's "painted mansion" and his plantation were drawn by a Revolutionary War widow. Because of the Ridges' support for emigration, Governor Lumpkin proposed to protect their properties from seizure until such time as they chose to emigrate. To the anti-emigration group, this act was further proof of the Ridges' treachery.

As the lottery proceeded, hordes of winners descended on the territory to survey their winnings. Indeed, some came ready to occupy their new homesteads immediately, without waiting for the date of award. Evictions were common, for no Cherokee could appeal to the courts of Georgia.

Ross himself rode home one day to find Georgia militia camped on his grounds and his property in possession of a white man who even demanded his horse. He moved his sick wife and their children across the state line into Tennessee, where he found room for them in a log cabin.

Major Ridge and his son led a minority delegation to Washington to agitate for more favorable treaty terms. In March 1835, an agreement was reached with the Ridge faction—in full knowledge by all concerned that this group was acting in opposition to the wishes of the majority of Cherokees—that provided for the payment of $5 million for the Cherokee lands.

The council meeting convened in December was boycotted by the Ross party; a pitiful handful of Cherokees showed up. Major Ridge, his face tragic, rose to justify his position: "I am one of the native sons of these wild woods. I have hunted the deer and the turkey here, more than fifty years. . . . I know the Indians have an older title than [the whites]. . . . We obtained the land from the living God above. They got their title from the British. Yet they are strong and we are weak. We are few, they are many. We cannot remain here in safety and comfort. . . . I would willingly die to preserve [our lands], but any forcible effort to keep them will cost us our lands, our lives, and the lives of our children. There is but one path of safety, one road to future existence as a Nation. That path is open before you. Make a treaty of cession. Give up these lands and go over beyond the Great Father of Waters."

A committee of twenty was chosen to sign the treaty, whose preamble proclaimed that "the Cherokees are anxious to make some arrangement . . . with a view to reuniting their people in one body, and securing a permanent home for themselves and their posterity." As he signed the treaty with his mark, Major Ridge paused. "I have signed my death warrant," he said softly.

Despite an outpouring of opposition from the majority of Cherokees, the U.S. Senate approved the treaty by a margin of one vote. Councils were held all over the Cherokee Nation in opposition to the treaty, and resolutions declaring it null and void were submitted to General Wool, in charge of the troops in the Cherokee country. When Wool forwarded these petitions to Washington, he was rebuked by the president for transmitting "a paper so disrespectful to the Executive, the Senate and the American people." Jackson ordered that no council be permitted to assemble to discuss the treaty on the grounds that the Cherokee government no longer existed.

On March 3, 1837, Major Ridge and a group of emigrants embarked on open flatboats for the initial leg of the journey west to Indian Territory. Arriving at last in the new Cherokee lands, located in the northeast corner of the present state of Oklahoma, Major Ridge staked out a homestead in the vicinity of Honey Creek. There he put his slaves to work, bought stock and farm equipment, and began to develop his new holdings.

John Ridge started out with another group of emigrants in June. In November, he found his father and friends, and set up his own claim. Late in 1837, father and son opened a general store on Honey Creek.

As May 23, 1838 approached—the final deadline for the removal under the terms of the Treaty of New Echota—only two thousand Cherokees had emigrated. The majority, about fifteen thousand, hoped that by passive resistance to the move, they might somehow be allowed to remain on their land. The spring planting began early that year, and by mid-May, the corn was knee-high.

General Winfield Scott, sent to implement the forcible removal of the Cherokees who remained, warned the Indians to prepare for the trip. On May 26, three days late, the troops began the roundup. Despite orders from Scott to his men to behave in a humane and merciful manner, many of the accounts reveal cases of callous treatment. "Families at dinner," writes one chronicler, "were startled by the sudden gleam of bayonets in the doorway and rose up to be driven with blows and oaths along the trail that led to the stockade. Men were seized in their fields or going along the road, women were taken from their wheels and children from their play."

An account in *Niles' National Register* reported that soldiers occasionally drove their captives with whoops and cries as though they were herds of cattle. At Ross's Landing, the report continued, Cherokee horses were taken and sold.

In most cases, the Indians lost all their property. As they were driven off, many looked back to see their homes burning, their cattle being led off, and their personal possessions stolen by the rabble that followed the troops. Even graves were broken into and robbed of the silver pendants buried with the dead.

Only one major case of resistance was recorded. About three hundred Cherokees hid out in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, where they succeeded in resisting removal. Here, they were joined by others, until about one thousand of them formed the Eastern Band of Cherokees, which was eventually granted a reservation by the federal government.

A severe drought delayed the start of the march west. Meanwhile, in the heat of the summer, crowded into inadequate quarters, about five hundred Cherokees died of disease. The first detachment of the Ross party began the march with the onset of cool weather in October. Group after group set out on the road during the fall, until by the winter of 1838, the entire bedraggled army was on the march.

The winter's chill winds took their grim toll, just as had the summer's heat. By the time the last group reached Oklahoma on March 25, 1839, it was estimated that about four thousand—20 percent of the emigrants—had died.

Dr. Elizur Butler, the missionary, had accompanied the Cherokees on what they later came to call *Nuna-da-ut-sun'y*—"The Trail of Tears." "From the first of June," wrote Butler, "I felt I have been in the midst of death." Describing the bitterness among those who survived, he wrote, "*All* the suffering and *all* the difficulties of the Cherokee people [were] charge[d] to the account of Messrs. Ridge and Boudinot."

John Ridge, on the other hand, complained bitterly that "if Ross had told them the truth in time, they would have sold off their furniture, their horses, their cattle, hogs, and sheep, and their growing corn."

While John Ross himself attempted to make peace between the "Late Immigrants" and the "Old Settlers," a group of his adherents met secretly to invoke the Blood Law against the unsanctioned sale of Indian land—the law that John Ridge himself had put into writing in 1829. The group condemned the leaders of the treaty party to death.

In the early morning hours of June 22, 1839, an assassination party approached the house of John Ridge. The door was forced open, and Ridge was dragged from his bed into the yard. While Ridge's wife and children screamed in horror, a number of men held his arms and legs while others stabbed him repeatedly. Finally his throat was cut.

On the same morning, Boudinot's head was split open with a tomahawk by a group of Cherokees who had approached him, as keeper of the public medicines, with a request for medicine. Major Ridge was ambushed at a ford on the same morning, his body pierced with bullets as his horse lowered its head to drink.

Not until 1846, after more murders and retributions, was an uneasy reconciliation arranged.

In the usual form of Indian treaties, the Cherokees had been guaranteed possession of their new lands in the West "for as long as the waters run and the grasses grow." But that astute French observer, Alexis de Tocqueville, observed cynically about the Indian removals: "Half convinced and half compelled, they go to inhabit new deserts, where the importunate whites will not let them remain ten years in peace. In this manner do the Americans obtain, at a very low price, whole provinces, which the richest sovereigns of Europe could not purchase."

By the late 1800s, the pressure of the westward migrations forced the opening of part of the Indian Territory to white settlement, and in 1889 the territory of Oklahoma was created from this land. In 1893, Congress abolished the governments of the Five Civilized Tribes (Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Cherokees) in Oklahoma, tribal laws were annulled, and tribal governments were abolished. Five years later, the Curtis Act broke up all the reservations, and in 1907, both the Indian Territory and the Oklahoma Territory were joined to form the new state of Oklahoma. Except for a small reservation in North Carolina, the Cherokee Nation for which Major Ridge and John Ridge had martyred themselves had perished.

De Tocqueville understood the process even as it was happening. Predicting the result of the removals, he wrote: "They have no longer a country, and soon they will not be a people; their very families are obliterated; their common name is forgotten; their language perishes; and all traces of their origin disappear. Their nation has ceased to exist except in the recollections of the antiquaries." **AW**

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1978 Western History Association Conference

HOT SPRINGS, Arkansas, will be the site of the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Western History Association, to be held October 11–14 at the Arlington Hotel. A wide variety of session topics have been planned, many focusing on the conference theme, the old southwestern frontier. Among the special activities scheduled during the conference are a tour of nearby Old Washington, once the Confederate state capital, an Ozark music festival, and the Hot Springs Octoberfest. At the annual conference banquet, former Arkansas congressman Brooks Hays will speak on the theme, "Requiem for a Frontier." For complete information and registration forms, write William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557.